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THE REVIEW

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UNIVERSITY

VOL V

NO III.



Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within this bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—Shakespeare.



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CONTENTS

	Page
Alias Audrey Thain a story Edward Fleischer	7
Insuring the Unemployed	Francis Neuwirth 10
Genius Sans Context	12
The Oxford Movement	Edward J. Stack 13
These, Them and Those	Bert J. Friedman 19
All My Fault a story Erwin F. Underwood	25
Editorials	28
Mirages	Maurice Rosalsky 30
Shots a story William G. Alcorn	32
Just Right	Walton Forstall, Jr. 34
Plays—	
The Historical Basis of William Tell	Rudolph Imhof 36
Our Culture	Theodore Ehram, Jr. 39
Science—	
What the Automotive Industries Expect of the Technical Schools	Alfred R. Glancy 41
Aphrodite's Rival a story	C. Brooks Peters 44
Books	45
Pictures in the History of Physical Education	Fay C. Bartlett 49



The Lehigh Review



Alias Audrey Thain

by
Edward Fleischer

SOMETHING so strange, so terrible has happened to me that I am utterly distracted. I must leave here at once. Havana at night . . . Jai Alai, the Casino Nacional, the Malecon, alight and laughing . . . the country side . . . the Tropical Gardens, the plantations, the Avenue of Palms . . . I must leave them all behind — these things I have learned to love. Not even Max Wheeler, my friend the poet, can understand. He sits listening to me, chews his nails, and says nothing. I must leave. Even the mention of my father's name brings no explanation, no apology from the pompous hotel owner. I grow indignant. I swear most horribly. It is of no avail. I must leave his hotel at once, or else . . .

And so it goes, hotel after hotel. None will take me as a guest. In each case it is the same. I am treated with full civility, until I mention my name. Thereupon the manager draws up his face, snaps his book shut, eyes me coldly, and asks me to leave quickly. I ask why, and he tells me the house is full. Evidently the landlord with whom this strange hostility first evidenced itself has notified all the other first-place inns that I — but what is it that I have done?

Nothing! But yes! It must be the card which Audrey Thain gave me last night, an ordinary, delicate, white name-card.

Yet, all I have done is to have asked the hotel owner if he would be kind enough to decipher it for me. The card is so intricately scrolled that I can make nothing of it except that the name seems to be Spanish. He took one look at it, pursed his lips, turned pale, and then asked me to leave. He would not change his attitude; nor would he explain the meaning of it all. As for the name on the card—I have not yet found a single person who, knowing what it meant, would look at it twice. Not one who would tell me why . . .

Can it be that this name upon the card is so terrible that to mention it means death — or worse? Spaniards, I know, are superstitious. Surely, it cannot be that! And yet, Audrey's face when she gave the card to me — it had the sternness which I found later in the faces of all who saw it. Audrey's face was never meant for stern expressions. Audrey? I call her that, although I know now that Audrey Thain is not her real name. She told me that, when she gave me the card. Here is the name on it — the name that causes strong men to bite their lips, and otherwise humble landlords to throw rich Americans from their hostleries.

What is this mystery? I went to the President this afternoon. But he is no better than the rest. In fact, he has limit-

The Lehigh Review

ed my stay in Havana to twenty-four hours. If I do not leave the Island of Cuba, itself, by then, he will have me arrested! Must I ask why? The devil of an American had the nerve to approach the **President** with such a name, and still has the presumption to ask why? Away!

I would gladly go to Audrey and ask her why. But I cannot find her. She is gone. The house in which she lived yesterday with her servants is now empty. I cannot find her in so short a time. Perhaps she has taken the mail-boat, or else—who knows? Cuba is a large place.

I must find her. She is in my blood. Can so trivial a thing as a name-card keep us apart? Not if I truly love her. I think I do. For two weeks I have been with her constantly. She and Max Wheeler have been my sole companions here. I think we were her only friends, too. She lived secluded as though hiding from something. I first met her while swimming early one morning, when most people are still sleeping. We became friends, somehow. Who can explain such things? She never spoke of her parents. She lived, it seems, with an aunt who is at present away on a trip. No one else knew anything about her. We had so many pleasant times together.

Sometimes Max would join us in the orchard, or stroll with us on the beach. At such times he would read poetry to us.

"I am alone again
With only the wind
Slapping across my cheeks,
Tugging my hair."

I really believe that Max loves her, too.

"You cannot hurt me now
Whose heart has retreated
Into the inmost crypts
Of memory."

But Audrey is gone now. Last night I would have asked her to marry me. Last night she was in my arms and held me close. To-day she is gone. It was after I had kissed her that she broke down and

cried.

"You do not know me, Larry," she said in her perfect English. "I am really a most terrible woman." I would have laughed at that; but, she hung her head, and large pearls rolled down her cheeks. I knelt at her feet.

"You're silly, Audrey," I said. "Don't you realize that I love you. You don't have to know a girl for that."

"Larry, I . . . I . . . like you too much to hurt you, but . . . Larry, hold me close again like you did before." I did, and then she was gone. A moment later she returned and pressed the card into my hand. "It will tell you who I am," she said. "Audrey Thain is but a dream—a foolish dream of mine." That was all.

I can see her now. It is evening again. I see the lounging pajama that she wore with such insouciance . . . a sophisticated little velvet jacket of Chinese red . . . deep cuffs of clipped marabou . . . prodigious lengths of gleaming satin in turquoise . . . Audrey could wear clothes.

But she is gone, and I must leave. I go to see the American consul. "I cannot understand," he says, "how you became entangled in such a matter. There is no explanation on this earth that can excuse you for having the card in your possession and promiscuously showing it. You had better leave."

.
A year has passed. I have not heard from Max Wheeler in all that time. I think he is back there looking for her, even now. As for me, I have grown weary of searching. I have searched everywhere imaginable. I have gone through Havana again, risking arrest. The card—it is with me always. I no longer show it to anyone. The result of past attempts to have it deciphered has been my utter resignation to the fate it laughing, too.

has brought to me. "Audrey," I tell my-

Alias Audrey Thain

self, "is dead. Why resurrect her?"

And so, it is not Audrey who haunts me now. It is the card. I cannot rid myself of it. I treasure it. I fear it. I have it in mind always. It is the very essence of everything I do. What is its mystery? Someone must explain it to me. Perhaps Dad can? I go to him; but, I am afraid to ask him. Such things would sound silly, here in New York. Dad, however, has spent many years in South America. He has a plantation in Cuba. Surely, he can help me. I cannot ask him. I am afraid of the solution.

It is at a large banquet that I finally tell the story. Several guests have been called on to relate stories of past experiences. Now, it is my turn. Dad is sitting beside me, smiling. "Make it snappy, son," he says. I cannot refuse. What can I say? There is only one thing in my mind. I tell it.

"Who was she, then?" they clamor. "What was the name on the card?" they ask. Dad smiles pleasantly.

"Larry always had a good imagination," he says. "I wonder if he can invent a suitable ending for his fairy tale."

So they do not believe me? I cannot blame them. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps I have invented the story. Am I crazy? I reach into my pocket. But no! Here is the card, itself. Dad takes it from me. The people crane their necks. I watch the smile freeze upon his face. So, he too . . . "Leave the room, son," he says, "I must speak to you outside."

I leave the room. I run out. But I do not wait. I dash down the street without hat or coat. I run and people think I am crazy. I am crazy. I find the card in my hand, as I run. I must have snatched it on the way out. Will it never leave me? Must I always have it haunting me?

I have packed a bag, and left town. I ride in trains for days, it seems. Where am I? Why, I have been here before!

This is my college town. I have made this trip so often. I remember the place so well. It dawns on me. Of course, old Doctor Brown can help me. At one time I thought that he knew everything. I shall speak to him now. If he cannot help me, I shall kill myself. I know the strain is too great to bear.

". . . . And that's the story, Larry," he says to me as I conclude.

"It is, Doctor Brown."

"And you cannot forget the girl?"

"It's not the girl," I shout, "it's the card. It haunts me. I cannot destroy it. It would kill me. I cannot show it to anyone who might be able to read it. He would turn against me. Even my father . . . O God, tell me what's on the card. It is driving me mad, I tell you." I fall into a chair. My fingers run frantically through my hair.

Doctor Brown thinks a while. "There is only one thing to do, Larry," he says. "Let me destroy the card. I shall not look at it. The name must not matter. It is Max who loves her, not you. You must forget the girl. He will find her—if not on earth, then, in his poems. Who knows? The card can be but the irony of fate!"

"It is more than that, Doctor," I cry. "How can you speak of it so? It is easy for you. You do not have it in your pocket. You do not see it in your brain. You do not feel its weight pulling you down . . . down. I tell you, I must know its meaning. Will you try to read it, please, Doctor Brown."

He shrugs his shoulders. "Very well," he says, "give it to me."

I reach into my pocket. I feel so empty. My fingers grasp empty space. I search frantically through every pocket. I try again. "The card . . . is . . . gone!" I gasp. "I have . . . lost . . . the card!"

I feel so sheepish. I hear a burst of laughter, and so I laugh. I hope Max is

Insuring the Unemployed

by
Francis Neuwirth

A student sees the situation and
makes some sane remarks for
a permanent solution.

SLOWLY, has the evident fact filtered into the minds of America's capitalistic leaders, that the laboring class is completely irresponsible for that dread phenomenon, the business depression, and its inevitable accompaniment, the plague of unemployment. No stress need be laid on its devastating effect both on our economic structure, and on the moral fiber of an individual who feels himself involuntarily unemployed. Labor is a peculiar commodity, for it is completely perishable. A day of unproductive inactivity can never be regained. Yet, the bewildered worker finds himself crushed by this sudden weight. Undermining of character, lowered efficiency, loss of self-respect, and sense of responsibility, are the directions in which the prodding forces of circumstance goad him. From unemployed, he becomes unemployable.

Employers are learning, however, that this accompanying psychological effect is a real menace to stability, efficiency and continuity of production. A loyal, well-trained staff of constant workers is more economical than an alternating process of hire and fire in the seasonal periods of fluctuating demand for a product. The greatest fear of labor, lack of security, is overcome if the worker can look ahead with certainty to a definite number of weeks of employment in the year. The old cry of labor, "Take it easy—make the job last," is replaced by a wholehearted co-operation, good will and good feeling. The resulting aid in the steadiness and certainty in the operation of an establishment cannot be over-estimated.

Those employers who have been able

to understand the sound principles behind such reasoning (and they have been few) have attempted to alleviate the unemployment problem in one of two ways. First, by reducing seasonal fluctuations and the resulting variations in the number of workers employed. Secondly, by the actual building up of a fund to provide for those who are periodically victimized by the decline in production. Let us consider the first. Obviously, any such policy of amelioration can only be applied to an industry which has a seasonal business. Many measures can be taken in slack season to speed up. The sales peak can be flattened over a period of months by advertising, by price discounts, or by some device of distribution. Proctor & Gamble, manufacturers of Ivory Soap, who have been the pioneers among the enlightened employers in this field, base their plan on the ability to compute the expected sales for the coming year; thus they can guarantee employment to their workers safely, and balance their production on the basis of these figures. Another measure, successfully instituted by Hills Brothers, is the introduction of a new product which sells well in the slack season, yet fits into the general business. This organization, importers of dromedary dates, now also imports coconuts which fits perfectly into their quiet season. This gives constant year-round employment to their workers. Likewise, new fields of distribution may be found for existing products, and employees may be retained to manufacture for stock in off seasons. Paul H. Douglas of Chicago summarizes the savings effected by such innovations: "The total of business can

Insuring The Unemployed

be expanded without accompanying increase in capital equipment." Due to the sincere efforts of the few leaders, Col. Proctor, William Filene, and Earnest Draper, there are at present nearly 200 organizations which are finding it economically sound business to institute one or more of these measures to stabilize production and reduce unemployment accordingly.

Much less numerous are the firms which build up a fund from which the worker may draw when the company can no longer profitably employ him. These plans are as varied as the companies which use them. Many have been instituted due to the pressure of a powerful trade union. In the few cases of this sort, the bargaining position of the worker has been so strong as to make the various organizations in the particular industry submit to a system of definite insurance against unemployment. Typical of such cases is the Chicago plan dealing with the men's clothing industry. It is a conciliation between the individual firm fund as desired by the establishments, and the pool which is the aim of the union. This agreement between the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Chicago Clothing Manufacturers Association was effective in May, 1928. Employees contribute 1½ percent of the weekly payroll while employers contribute 3 percent of the said amount. There is a satisfactory contractual relationship concerning the organization, administration, and distribution of the benefits. Incidentally, this and similar plans in New York City and Rochester seem to have borne up well under the strain of the past business depression. Its weakness is obvious, however. Such plans can be constructed only where powerful unions, composed of skilled labor, exist. In time of depression, it is not these workers but the technically unskilled with weak bargaining position who are most affected.

And they are the vast majority. We must not forget those few, but distinguished employers, who for reasons both paternal and soundly economic have built up funds usually out of the profits of the business. An investigation revealed that only about 100,000 workers were covered by such plans, but the recent action of the General Electric Company has increased that number by 70,000. As to their efficacy, the Dennison Manufacturing Company, of Framingham, Mass., is the shining example. It built up an unemployment fund on a five-year basis from the profits of the business, and by the further aid of long-run planning and stabilization managed to weather the depression of 1921, and bids fair to see through the present slump without serious mishap. These enlightened employers feel that the loyal co-operation and increased efficiency of a continuous labor force is ample remuneration for their expenditure. Naturally, an organization like the National Association of Manufacturers favors this as the best form of unemployment insurance, for it vests all power and authority in the employer.

But this plan too must prove inadequate to a student of the problem. Many employers do not favor the plan; some plans, while theoretically workable, prove incomplete when the period of unemployment is prolonged. A fundamental weakness lies in its effect on competition. Although desirous of instituting such a scheme, an employer may find himself unable to do so, since such action may increase his overhead expenses, raises his prices, and leave him undersold by a more avaricious competitor. For this reason, many shy at the idea of instituting such a system.

If we are to judge by the evolution of the labor problem in the older European countries, it would seem that we must eventually come to public legislation compelling a definite form of industrial

unemployment insurance. This is exactly what our foremost economists are advocating. The weakness of the private plans would be eliminated, for public legislation would be of universal application with **ALL** employers bearing a definite share of the burden. A theoretical analysis reveals that all employers will eventu-

ally regard the compulsory fund as another expense item in the business, and this cost will be reflected in the sales price of the product. Thus, the ultimate burden of unemployment will fall where it rightfully belongs, on the consuming public.

Genius Sans Context

What the editor hears and reads in those smoky moments.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
What, you egg! — (Shakespeare)

Heat, Ma'am! It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.—(Sydney Smith)

The present business depression will run its course.—(Prof. Carothers)
Tsk! Tsk! — these economists.

Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men.—(Joseph Conrad)

A woman is only a woman, but a cigar's a damn good smoke.—(Kipling)

Saints have a past, sinners have a future.—(Oscar Wilde)

Science is always wrong. It never solves a problem without creating ten more.—(Bernard Shaw)

I always like to dip my bread into my coffee at breakfast.—(King Albert)

I have pretty neck-trappings.—(Epictetus)

But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.—(Omar Khayyam)

There will always be something to do, my boy.—(Edgar Guest)
Lehigh seniors want to know if that is a promise, Edgar.

Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? — (Shakespeare)

The Oxford Movement

by
Edward J. Stack

THE Church of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century was in a state of somnolence that seemed to many thoughtful men to be akin to death. At the end of the preceding century, torpor had been checked by the growth of Evangelicism inspired by Methodism, which had succeeded in re-awakening individual piety, and in recalling to each soul the question of salvation. It had imparted a greater seriousness to worship and had given an added impetus to charitable and apostolic work. But this movement was petering out, and, though it continued to produce pious individuals, it began to reveal narrownesses and inconsistencies, and to show signs of decline. Even at the height of its power, this movement had little or no influence on High Churchmen. These continued to look upon religion as respectable, and on church-going as a practice to be indulged in by the gentry on their country estates—for the edification of the people. The clergy were comfortable persons following a recognized profession. To them, the church was a human institution, with a cold, negative doctrine. Its one great tenet seemed to be to remain passive and to rest on the arm of the state as the basis of its authority.

But in her blindness, the Church never saw that even this protection was being threatened. Liberal sentiments were becoming more and more current in the England of the 20's and the early 30's. Liberals in philosophy were urging every man to question his beliefs and to decide his opinions by his own reason. To many of these Liberals, the divisions between the sects seemed to be senseless; they

urged the state to use its powers to secure a coalition and to unite all the sects and denominations under an Act of Parliament, allowing each of the sects to use the churches in turn. The Liberals in politics went even further and soon exhibited a desire to subject the National Church to the State. They began to destroy the ancient landmarks which had separated the Established Church from the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Dissenters on the other. The Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill did a great deal to narrow the distance between the Church of England and the other churches in England. It seemed as if this distance would be almost completely annihilated when, in 1833, ten Irish bishoprics were suppressed with the warning by Lord Grey that a similar measure might be adopted in England unless the bishops put their houses in order.

These were hard blows and they struck with telling effect. Although the majority of the ministers of the Church of England were still apathetic, individuals, and here and there little groups began to feel the need of awakening the Church from her long slumber and of renewing her with life and spirit to withstand these attacks of her enemies. One of the first to realize the necessity of standing by the Church in her hour of need was Hugh James Rose, a Cambridge graduate and rector of Hadleigh, Suffolk. Rose took the lead at this time in attempting to rally opinion on behalf of the Church, and, in 1832, he started the *British Magazine* for this purpose. He tried to stir up ardent spirits to do battle for the Church and presented to them an admirable pic-

The Lehigh Review

ture of certain elements of Christian tradition. He went even further than this in his effort to bring about reform. He invited a company of like-minded men to his rectory at Hadleigh in Suffolk for the purpose of laying down the outlines of a practical scheme of work. Plans for an Association of Friends of the Church were drawn up, but were eventually rejected. Instead of the Association, an Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury was resolved upon, and, in spite of many difficulties, was finally presented with the signatures of some 7,000 members of the clergy. A lay address was also presented to the Archbishop signed with about 230,000 names of heads of families and bearing some vague expressions about the practical benefits of the Established Church.

But, for various reasons—and ill health was not the least of these—the challenge which Lord Grey had thrown down was picked up by Rose only to be passed on to the others. Among these we find a group of Oxford men, more or less strongly bound together. The best known of these at the time was John Keble who had had a remarkable university career at Oxford. He had won his double first in 1810 and had been elected Fellow of Oriel in 1811. After his ordination in 1816, he had left Oxford for a small country curacy. After several years, he resigned this and went to live with his aged father. To please the latter, he published the book of poems which was destined to make his name a household word in England for several generations. "The Christian Year" came out anonymously in 1827. It consisted of poems for every Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, for numerous saints' days and for special occasions such as holy communion, baptism, confirmation, visitation and communion of the sick, and burial services. It was very popular and had a great influence in inculcating unobtrusive-

ly, but none the less effectively, High Church principles. The poems are beautifully soft and sweet in tone and are truly devotional, as well as being simple and sincere. In spirit and tone, they prepared the way for the doctrines which were to be preached later by the Tracts for the Times. Probably as a result of this publication, Keble won the poetry professorship at Oxford, in 1831.

This was the first university office which he held. The position was important for the Oxford Movement, because it meant that Keble came into contact with some of the young men of the time. Keble himself did little to propagate his views, but he influenced the public mind through the young men who loved to call themselves his disciples. Foremost among these was Hurrell Froude, a pupil of Keble's at Oriel. Froude was elected Fellow of Oriel in 1826 and from 1827 to 1830 was a college tutor. He was a strong-willed, impetuous young man who died before the brunt of the fighting came, but who, in spite of his untimely death, exerted great influence on the Oxford Movement, especially through his connection with the chief actor, John Henry Newman.

This tall, thin, slightly stooped man, who was later to be the famous Cardinal Newman, was, as he tells us in the "Apologia", a nobody at this time. He was born in 1801, the son of a London banker whose family was of Dutch extraction and probably of Hebrew origin. John's mother was of a French Huguenot family. It is possible to trace these various racial characteristics in the boy later. When John was seven years old, he went to a private school conducted by Dr. Nicholas at Ealing. Here he was converted in the true evangelical sense of the word. He went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he read for honors but failed to gain them, though he won an Oriel fellowship. He was ordained in 1824 and

The Oxford Movement

became curate of St. Clements, Oxford. The next year, he was made vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall, under Whately, to whom he owed a great deal. Whately helped him to release himself from the restricting influence of evangelicism. Under Whately's guidance, he advanced in liberal principles. There could be no lasting friendship between them, however, because they were of such different temperaments. The same is true of Newman's real relations with Dr. Hawkins, to whom he also was indebted. Newman became tutor of Oriel in 1826 and vicar of St. Mary's in the next year. He slipped out of evangelicism; Liberalism also lost its hold on him with his growing friendship for Hurrell Froude.

In the beginning of the winter, Froude proposed a trip abroad. There was no question of its desirability in the case of Froude who was exhibiting signs of tuberculosis. Newman himself felt the need of a change. So, with Froude's father, they set out for the South of Europe. Newman and the Froudes parted at Rome, and Newman went to Sicily alone. He fell seriously ill of fever at Leonforte but insisted even in his delirium that he should not die because he had not sinned against the light. He recovered and returned him well home with the deep conviction that he had been spared because God had work for him to do in England. (He expressed his consciousness of this divine guidance in his famous hymn, "Lead Kindly Light", which he composed on the voyage home.) On the Sunday following Newman's return, Keble preached the assize sermon in the university pulpit on "National Apostasy". The sermon was a stirring call to action against the encroaching Liberalism of the State. The sermon exerted so much influence and excited so much comment that Newman ever afterwards considered it as the start of the religious movement of 1833.

Then an event took place which was destined to have far more effect than anything which had been done as yet. In September, 1833, Newman began the "Tracts for the Times." He agreed with Rose and Keble that something ought to be done, but he preferred a more direct way of arousing people, a quicker, surer method of appealing to them than had as yet been proposed. So the Tracts were started. These brief pamphlets with their nervous, pithy, effective sentences, and their insistence on doctrines, if not new, at least not quite forgotten, aroused much comment—not always favorable. Their emphasis on apostolical succession and on the catholicity of the English Church, their discussion of saints' days, Advent, fasting and kindred subjects were objected to even by some of the "conspirators" themselves. The protest was raised, of course, that the Tracts were too "Roman". There were other difficulties as well. The Tracts had to be circulated by hand, since the booksellers refused to carry them. Then, too, Newman was the only one who could effectively write these short, pithy Tracts. It seemed as if their influence was to be lost, but help soon came in the form of Dr. Pusey's accession to the movement.

It is difficult to estimate the importance of Dr. Pusey's accession to the movement, but it is impossible to overestimate it. He brought to the cause wealth, social position, and a distinguished name. He was a great scholar, and was one of the few men in England who had a thorough acquaintance with the methods of German scholarship. A friend of Newman's, he had looked favorably on the movement since its inception, but had held aloof with the exception of a Tract on fasting. He was not fully associated with the group until the appearance of Tract 67, his discussion of baptism. The Tract itself was important, but even more so was its influence. Dean Church admira-

The Lehigh Review

bly describes the effect of the Tract:

"Before this, Newman's deep convictions, his fiery enthusiasm had given the Tracts their first stamp and impress. They answered their purpose. They led to wide-spread and sometimes deep searchings of heart; to some they seemed to speak forth what had been long dormant within them, what their minds had unconsciously and vaguely thought and longed for; to some they seemed a challenge pregnant with danger. But still they were but an outburst of individual feeling and zeal, which, if nothing more came of its fragmentary displays, might blaze and come to nothing. There was nothing yet which spoke outwardly of the consistency and weight of a serious attempt to influence opinion and to produce a practical and lasting effect on the generation which was passing." This was to be Dr. Pusey's contribution. His Tract on baptism so altered the whole tone of the Tracts that their earlier form appeared no more. After Tract 67, all were serious, grave, carefully worked out pieces of writing.

All this time, while the Tracts were coming out, various other things were happening. In the first place, the Tracts were not the only source of influence which the Tractarians possessed. Another, and, so far as the University of Oxford was concerned, more potent means of arousing enthusiasm lay in Newman's sermons preached from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, Oxford. These sermons, according to the testimony of many observers, had a profound effect upon the undergraduates and drew to Newman the hearts of all the younger and the more enthusiastic of the students. Needless to say, this influence was not allowed to go its way unchallenged. Added to the sense of disapproval that many of the college authorities felt toward Newman, there was opposition to the Movement on other counts. Chief among

these was the enmity of the Liberals which the Tractarians had incurred by opposing Dr. Hampden's appointment as Regius Professor of Divinity. These Liberals were powerful enemies.

The Newmanites had other enemies, too. Most important of these were the objectors who criticised the movement as being Roman. These critics were further strengthened in their position by the publication of the "Literary Remains" of Hurrell Froude. This book, edited by Newman and Keble, contained all the literary works written by Froude, who had just died. Froude's frank criticism of the Church of England was received with horror by loyal Anglicans. The impression that the direction of the Tractarians was Rome was intensified by his remarks. All efforts to convince people that the movement was Anglican fell on deaf ears after the publishing of Froude's "Remains" and Newman's Tract No. 90.

The purpose of this celebrated Tract was to show that the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England bear a highly Catholic meaning. Newman believed that his purpose was innocent enough and was unprepared for the storm which followed the publication of the Tract. He was severely criticised by most of the prelates, even by the Bishop of Oxford, himself. The university at large began to swing to the other extreme of Tractarianism, as was shown when Isaac Williams, the Tractarian candidate for the poetry professorship was badly defeated.

In the meantime, a change had been coming over Newman himself; he was considerably shaken by a doubt as to the tenableness of the Anglican position. His doubts were heightened by the accession of a new group of Tractarians, men like Ward, Stanley, Oakeley, and others who cut into the movement at an angle. They lacked the caution of the older members of the group and were, as a rule, animated with a greater love for

The Oxford Movement

Rome. They were without the reverence for the Church of England that the first Tractarians possessed. By their ceaseless question, their remorseless logic, they forced Newman to conclusions that he was not ready for. In this unsettled state, Newman retired to Littlemore, as he said, to pray. Littlemore was part of his living; it was rather like a country parish attached to St. Mary's. Newman was very fond of it and had spent a great deal of time there. He had made a sort of retreat out of it and here he retired to think and to pray his way out of difficulties. In spite of earnest attempts, he could not regain his lost confidence. The *Via Media* was exploded. He did not think it right to leave the Church, however, for he was by no means convinced that the Church of Rome was the true Church. But, he went so far as to make, in February, 1843, a formal retraction of all the hard things he had said against Roman Catholicism. This showed the direction in which his mind was travelling.

Newman's difficulties were greatly increased when the Board of Convocation in a secret meeting voted to silence Dr. Pusey for a sermon which he had preached on the Eucharist. In something of a spirit of protest, Newman resigned his living at St. Mary's. Newman's resignation removed the last restraint which held in check the more radical of the Tractarians. With Pusey silenced, Newman in lay-communion, and Keble far away from Oxford, the movement took on a distinctly Roman color. Chief among the leaders in this Romeward movement, were William George Ward, of whom we have spoken before, and his friend Frederick Oakeley. They advocated fasting, saints' days, and other practices that seemed to the Bishop — Bloomfield of London — to smack of popery. He reprimanded Ward for his share in the proceedings. Then, to make matters worse, Ward published his "Ideal of a Christian Church" which

showed a distinct bias in favor of Rome. As a result of this book, Ward was censured by the Board of Convocation which, at the same meeting, condemned Tract No. 90. The Tractarians were defeated. It was the beginning of the end.

Ward, of all the Tractarians, took the defeat most casually. Six weeks after the Convocation, he resigned his Fellowship, and married Frances Mary Wingfield. Later, he wrote to the editor of the "Oxford Herald" that it would be necessary for him to leave the Church of England since his condemnation showed that one could no longer remain in it and hold the whole cycle of Roman doctrine. Accordingly, he and Mrs. Ward joined the Church of Rome. They were followed shortly afterwards by Oakeley who became a priest in the Church of Rome.

Things had been going hard with Newman all this time. He had written to all his friends what was likely to happen, but still he was not sure of himself. He felt many doubts as to the Roman system. Then, too, it was a great wrench to tear himself away from the Church of his birth, from the University which he loved so much, from his family, from those friends whose habits of mind were so like his, even from his high position in the Church of England. To relieve his mind of doubt, he had begun, in 1844, an "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine". While he was writing it, there was a pause. His doubts had cleared up and he was ready to go. Before he reached the end, he resolved to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. He broke up off the book and left it unfinished. He wrote to his friends, bidding them farewell, and, on October 8, 1845, he was received into the Catholic Church. The Oxford Movement was over.

We have now come to that most difficult question — what did the Oxford Movement accomplish? Glancing back,

The Lehigh Review

we can see that it did first of all what it had intended to do. There can be no doubt that it aroused the English Church from its lethargy. But, it had many other effects as well. It effectively awakened the High Church group, it stimulated an interest in the primitive church, it aroused a desire for the unity of Christendom. It had a profound and lasting effect on the Roman Catholic Church in England. The Movement had an important aspect, too, in its opposition to liberalism, though here the Tractarians were ultimately unsuccessful. No one can forget its effect in the field of ritualism, though this was but an offshoot from a minor side of the Movement. The entire emphasis on ritualism may be traced to the Oxford Movement.

To sum up its influence, we may say it played an important part in the neo-Catholic revival which is still such a powerful influence in the Anglican Church. It appealed to the imagination of the people by its emphasis on forms, yet addressed

their reason in its literature such as the Tracts. It staved off for a time the approach of Liberalism. No one could deny its beneficent effect on the moral tone of the University. Further, it raised the spiritual and moral ideals of Oxford men by showing them a group of self-sacrificing ascetics. To quote a prominent critic (William S. Knickerbocker in "Creative Oxford"): "The leader of the movement introduced, in an age strongly trending towards the tough-mindedness bred by utilitarianism, a more quietistic and mystical attitude of mind, restored aesthetic elements in worship and infused personality and sweetness of character in the religious life of the age and brought the Anglican Church and the universities into connection with the dominant phase of the age, the cultivation of the sense of beauty, and the release of fine and noble emotions under a splendid restraint." Need one say more of the importance of the Oxford Movement?





These, Them and Those—

by
Bert J. Friedman

Impressions of
The Eroica—Mad Poetry—
A Fabliau—For People Who Like
Things—All By He Who Laughs.

THE Beethoven wrote nine symphonies. In describing them, one could
EROICA rhapsodize for countless pages. Even Romain Rolland eventually ran out of words in attempting to give his reader a picture of only four of this great composer's works. However, his symphonies are not all of equal worth. There is an old story told about a pupil who, upon being asked how many symphonies Beethoven wrote, replied, "Three." The astonished teacher asked, "What were they?" Whereupon the pupil responded, "The Third, the Fifth, and the Ninth." Yet, when William Gericke, former leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was asked which of Beethoven's Symphonies he preferred, he replied, "Always the one, I have played last."

Music will advance in technical complexity, scope, and richness, but such music as Beethoven's great orchestral works, which combine romantic emotion, a simplicity of grandeur, and his extraordinary keen judgment, with indefatigable industry, can never be reproduced any more than can the immortal plays of Shakespeare. The time and circumstances for such compositions can never occur again. Beethoven stands on the summit, the king of all he surveys in the realm of symphonic music, just as Shakespeare occupies a similar throne in the kingdom of the drama. Sir George Grove says of Beethoven's works, "Age can not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety." Carl Van Vechten, that consummate juggler of the English language, seems to disagree, however, with such an undying admiration of these orchestral works. He is of the disparaging opinion that a modern symphony orchestra ought not to be allowed to play more than one Beethoven symphony a season. He claims that the result of a policy to the contrary would be a fossilization, that the music would occupy the same place in the world's affairs that a museum does. "Why," he concludes, "should all our orchestras insist, ex-

The Lehigh Review

cept on rare occasions, on being museums?" I wonder if Mr. Van Vechten would prefer to drink wine, fresh from the hands of the grape pressers, rather than a vintage that has lain in some earthy cellar for the better part of a century.

No composer before Beethoven had ever made the instruments converse as did this immortal master. No composer had ever made the strings so flexible, so pathetic, and yet so gay, so humorous, and again so languorous. It was Beethoven, who led Wagner into taking the strings to their highest register, to those ethereal realms that uplift and inspire the souls of their listeners.

"When an idea comes to me," said Beethoven, "I hear it on the instrument, never on a voice."

The life of Beethoven was inscribed in the archives of history with a bitter pen. Business worries, poverty, disease, and deafness ran the gamut of his career until with one last shake of his fist to the heavens he breathed his last. His fierce intellect penetrated the falsehoods of man, and in his art work he gave outline to the religious, the democratic, the lovable, and the comradely traits of his innermost being. His music is the result of the battle that was waged between his inner and outer forces, misery, bitterness and tragic sorrow against a nobility of thought that was overwhelming in its passionate simplicity. And "The Eroica" emerged from the fray at a time when Beethoven was in the June of his life. Then all his tribulations served only to liberate the stream of joy that reached unsurpassable heights because it was spurred to a mad race by sorrow. In June, there come terrific storms. In the morning, the air is fresh and clear, a languid breeze is scarcely bringing a breath of air. The air is menacingly still. The shadows of dark, ominous clouds pass overhead. There are tragic rumblings and awesome silences, and then the gusts of furious winds—The Eroica.

The first movement begins with a mighty motive that seems to rise to a triumphant destiny, but suddenly descends with regret. The instruments sing to regain the courage, they have for the moment dropped, revealing their plaintive hearts; and then are heard the ominous warning of approaching fires of maddened battle.

The battle swells and diminishes. Will the hero conquer? Or will he be trampled upon in the rush of overwhelming forces? The strings become more rapid, gayer, he seems to be emerging victorious; but again we are left in doubt as the horns, playing on the motif, arise from the abysses of passionate hatred. The orchestra follows the horns, and one can hear the humming of savage blood incited by the fray. Pianissimo now, a plaintive dirge is heard, but in the distance one can hear the rumblings of an inevitable destiny. No more grief. Regrets are washed away in the flood of the conquering cavalcade that stamps out the enemy. There is rejoicing, and jubilation, but it is heavy beneath the iron heel of the despotic triumph.

The funebre marcia is the second movement, the sombre tread of the bass notes, the rhythmic steps of the pall-bearers. With victory there is also defeat, the defeat not of abject mortals, but the sorrow of the soul crying out against the pillages, the ravages, that have destroyed beauty. The music sobs in pain for the useless cruelty.

These, Them and Those

The strings murmur a song of consolation, while the pall-bearers tramp onward into infinitude. The motif swells and recedes, sorrow in victory, tender regret, and then an outburst of forgetfulness in an empty pride of conquest. The pathetic theme has turned into a snarling, bestial growl, mounting ever higher, savagely howling out its challenge over its helpless prey.

The last part of the movement is more subdued. The soul is in helpless revolt. All the sorrow in the world is dragged from the darkest recesses of abysmal caverns into a final outburst of consummate tragedy.

The sadness of life is soon forgotten by the frail mortal. The third movement is a wild dancing sprite, swirling in joyous abandon. The horn call, that is reminiscent of a hunting song, is answered by the orchestra at first plaintively as though needing to be coaxed. And then, imbued and impassioned with the fiery shout of the horns it leaps and bounds away into ephemeral realms, ending with a crash of unmixed joy.

The violins and cellos begin the last movement by plucking the underlying motif of the symphony in a strong decisive fashion. It is a fast tempo that becomes more sonorous as it emerges from the lower ranges to the heights of Beethoven's glory. This time it is not the glory of the warrior, but the triumph of the composer. The motif of Self is played upon the strings, at first in a soothing spirit, but soon enters a more serious mood. There is a grandeur of death about it, the last heavy sighs. The man is departing from this bitter world, majestic in the offbeats of the orchestra to the tonal climax of the horns. It is an abrupt finale. It is a fitting end. There shall be no pitiful tears wept over the death of the hero.

ODES TO SPRING AND DIVERSE OTHER SUBJECTS INCLUDING BEWAILING THOUGHTS OF A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION STUDENT WHO IS PROBABLY UNHAPPY IN BUSINESS

SPRING

the poets love to rave on spring
to shout paens and verses sing.
but I—I gaze on them askance.
why don't they ever brush their pants?

with burning eyes and long smooth hands
muses pray—O magic wands
of spring turn winter's grey to fair
still can't they ever comb their hair?

neurotic genius can't sleep nights
bewailing cold, autumnal frights
their cries for spring and piteous wails
upset me—they've got long black nails.

oh hill and dale and faun and fell
you're just fortunate as hell
tho' you may be littered with picnic gore
you're worshipped in fool poem on spring—
what bore.

shelley, keats, hawthorne and burns
spent hours eulogizing ferns.
but delmar and dreiser are not so deceptive
they've abolished the stork and they shout
contraceptive.

why should learning presuppose
a blush for these and them and those?
after all one may assume
just why a pupil leaves the room.

The Lehigh Review

spring is merely good excuse
for some dumb illusioned muse
to sell his verses to the graphic
tho' he deals in porno traffic.

but need you spring? yes why in hell
can't you go to some cheap hotel
in fall or winter just as well?

CORPORATION FINANCE

Hail to stocks and bonds because
We all must feel a terrible loss
If we don't learn to invest
With bond salesmen of the best.

How practical, the good prof. hollers
The textbook costs only five dollars
Learn how while young to bargain well
A seat on the exchange looks quite swell.

How can we help but feel suspicious
When our thoughts become pernicious
If wealth should be our fiery goal
Why does the prof. play passive rôle?

You'd think if learning could obtain
A practical commercial gain
Then we should never sympathize
With those who merely act so wise.

Spend hours inhaling psychology
Astronomy, physics, and philosophy
You cultured—learn and drink and play
You'll make money anyway.

A The Duke of Northumber-
FABLIAU land's eye-brows met in a
line accentuating the harsh,
hawk-like nose that had twitched so
often in the mad frenzied joy of hack-
ing the bodies of his enemies in two.
That was in the battles of his youth.
But the Duke could no longer defend his
king. No longer did the fiery blood of
a young warrior course through his cool-
ing veins, for he was too old. Now he
could but vent his spleen upon his pro-
crastinating alchemists, whose promises
of achieving conquest over those magic
powers of converting base metals into
gold, were so frequent and so unfruitful.
Within his gloomy, mighty castle that
had withstood the countless sieges of
robber Barons from the North, the only

battles he could wage were with his cook,
for roasting the boar too long over the
savoury spits, or with that light-haired
handsome lad who lingered too long
over a flute, instead of learning the use
of the mace and the flat, broad-sword,
the true occupations of a son of the Duke
of Northumberland. But there was El-
aine. Even though she were but a lass,
she was the true offspring of a Northum-
berland, with her fiery temper that would
brook no opposition, and with her pas-
sionate beauty that could melt the most
wary adversary. They had come to many
bitter words, and yet there was a warm
bond of affection between these two, the
fierce-eyed, gaunt grey-haired warrior,
and his virgin-bosomed daughter. The
heavy eyebrows that had relaxed for a
moment in affectionate thought contract-
ed even more menacingly. Scarce two
inches of sand had dropped into the low-
er portion of the time-piece gracing the
heavy mantel, since she had brazenly an-
nounced that she would marry Hereward.
Of all the wealthy youths, who had paid
court to her nightly, with their bands of
serenading minstrels, she would have
none. Hereward, that impish-faced son
of Martin, the freeman! What if Martin
were the richest freeman on his desmes-
ne? The Northumberland fortune had
dwindled to nought in the unrequited
service of the king, and it was difficult
enough to have one roast pig a day at
suptime. And now Elaine, his last means
of procuring those precious stones and
bars of gold that would fill his dying
years with roast pig and other delicacies,
was going to marry Hereward—the brat!
The old Duke had vanquished many a
formidable foe, but he well knew that
this spoiled daughter of his would best
him. At least he would fight it out. And
as thousands of worried fathers were to
do in the generations to come, he resolv-
ed to appeal to Hereward's low state,
and his meager resources.

These, Them and Those

Through the melancholy corridors there could be heard a light, energetic tread, so incongruous, mid these gloomy vaults. That was surely Hereward, whom Elaine had instructed to have parlane of the matter with the noble lord. At least it was a gesture of respect. There were the impish, knowing eyes of the scoundrel, belieing the servile attitude with which he kneeled before his master.

"Gramercy, my lord. I trust thy spirits are composed this lovely day."

"Lovely day to damnation," growled the Duke, "speak out thy business—and how dost thou presume to procure the daughter of a Duke in wedlock?"

"Sire, is it that love is presumption?" replied the youth meekly, and with inward contempt for this doddering old man.

"Nay. But even if thy station were not so low, where is thy wealth, thy estates, thy land with which to keep my daughter in the sustainance to which she is accustomed? Dost know that gowns from the costume shops of Bruxelles cost heavily?"—musing that in the last three years Elaine had had to make over the same gown three times.

From behind the Duke there issued the honeyed, velvet tones, that the Duke had heard so often just before his defeat at the hands of his captivating lass.

"And pray, dear father," those tones were saying, "I love this man and he loves me. 'Tis sufficient. We shall wed."

"But," remonstrated the Duke weakly, "what wilt thou subsist upon?" "Here-

ward," contemptuously, "hath no earthly possessions."

"Aye, my lord, three score pigs, half of which are passionate sows, sixty acres of fallow are not earthly possessions," was the sarcastic rejoinder of the proud Hereward.

But the Duke parried cunningly.

"Perhaps thy lofty estates will sustain two persons. But what if thou shouldst prove prolific? Thou canst not support surely three and four upon thy broad shoulders." This was a particularly cunning parry, for were it not for Hereward's exceeding narrow shoulders it could be truly said that no finer specimen of man walked with both feet firmly planted on the king's soil.

Almost in unison the two lovers cried, "Nay."

"We shall bear no offsprings," said Hereward.

"There shall be no issue," said Elaine.

And for the first time, the noble lord's eyes twinkled in unconcealed mirth at the naivete of these two.

"And prithee, that is a matter that rests in the hands of God alone. Thou wilt be most fortunate if thine innocent assurance is not played false."

And then these two gazed at each other with a look that bespoke fond adoration at the Duke's submissiveness, but which in reality signified to these impetuous lovers that fortune had indeed been their lot through the past year ever since that memorable moonlit night in the shadow of the moat.

FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE THINGS

"The Last Days of Shylock," in which Ludwig Lewissohn at last refrains from explaining his marital difficulties The new beer joint at the corner of Third and Broad, under the fruit market Fred Trafford in a police uniform, very lovely effect Riding the Elk on Wyandotte Street after a night of it Eva Le Gallienne in most anything, particularly Camille Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," if you like to come across words like ticpolonga, dolent, carious, antimacassar ad lib

The Lehigh Review

Coolidge's 100-101 words every morning in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune, just proves that as an author he was a good president The Faggot's masquerade Balls held twice a month most anywhere in the big city. For advance dope go to the Pansy Club, just off B'way and 47th St. The cars, the members of the Epitome board will buy this summer Roller skating at the Central Park Auditorium. It costs 35c Thursday night for you and a moll The New York String Quartet because they are the best if you can't hear the Flonzaley bunch The last part of "Ulysses" by James Joyce R. Garden's (Robert Gardinieri's) at 133 West 13th St. N. Y. C. Come before 9 p. m. Italian dinner, wine free and any cocktail 50c Wrestling matches in Phillipsburg.

The chapter on Peter Andropilas in "Thirteen Men" by Tiffany Thayer The senior blazer committee offsetting unemployment in Ithaca, N. Y. (They'll buy more expensive cars than the Epitome board) Our own business manager for criticizing this article for being too disconnected Flaubert's "Salamambo", with charybidis, myrrh, battles between Barbarians and Carthaginians, and soft radio music The inexpensive pictures in the Lehigh Art Gallery The scheduling of business administration finals six exams in three days

"Dracula" in movie form The censored dialogues in Pennsylvania movie shows Lily Pons that new operatic marvel who's turning them away from the Metro box office Marlene Dietrich's legs, Joan Crawford's hips, and the way Basil Rathbone's arms swing from his side The inscriptions on the steps leading to the reservoir Mencken's Editorial about Hoover in the February Mercury George Kelly's latest "Philip Goes Forth," which is notable for the author's choice of his actors, whose capabilities just about make this unnecessary bit of arrogance worthwhile The Burr's article on Places to Dance in New York, because with a few exceptions every recommendation is the wrong dope Dancing at the Bethlehem Saturday Nights if you like being out alone with the gal

Publications never out on time,
Full of campus notes and slime.
Burro's famous last attack
Is just the old Rotarian's whack
And a friendly comic rhyme!
—Ye Ed.



All My Fault

by
Erwin F. Underwood

IT had been one of the most pleasant Summer vacations I had enjoyed.

College was over, and the light breezes, driving the swimmers from the cooling ocean water earlier each day informed me that it would soon be time to leave the sunny beach for graduate school.

"Well, it's going to be tough to say good-bye to the old beach," said Ralph.

"You're right," I agreed, "when your job starts and my classes begin there'll be nothing but a memory of all this."

Ralph Blake I had met earlier in the season through his sister, Kitty Blake, in whom I was interested. He, too, had just been graduated from college—from the University of Kansas, where he had been a great half-back. Chemistry was his strong suit and on the first of September he was going to work with the Norfolk Chemical people. We were mutually interested in football, although I was more of an enthusiastic spectator than a player. There had been two seasons of bench warming for me, but for Ralph there had been three brilliant seasons of varsity competition, coupled with a place on the mythical All-Western team.

Ralph was a fellow who lived football, he loved the game. With no egotistical ambition to star, he gloried in seeing the big Kansas team, working like clockwork, push down the field, or again his heart jumped a beat when a teammate caught a long pass, or when Dave Edman booted one of those long, spiral punts,—and when he heard the loyal harmony of the rooters singing "Abdullah Kansas" his joy was boundless. He loved football and I knew it.

Everything that Ralph told me about the games Kansas had played, the spirit

of the team, some of the fine fellows he had met playing football both in Kansas and on the opponents' teams, the coach, his peculiarities of temper and the little kindnesses he had shown towards his players, stamping him as a great man, the way Ralph fondled the ball during those early morning workouts on the beach—all these evidences proved to me that Ralph was not only a great player but one of fine manly qualities who played the game because it meant to him sport, co-operation, activity, spirit, character and competition for his alma mater—a sum of all that was dear to him.

Many things had Ralph and I discussed that Summer as we did stunts in the water, baked ourselves to a brown on the sands, or went on double dates in the evening. I knew that Kansas had lost but one game the season before, but what puzzled me was that the team had lost to Colt, a small college to the south which was not noted for its football ability. Perhaps you all remember that game which Colt won 13 to 6. No one was able to explain that setback, and it was one thing Ralph had never talked to me about. In a few more days he would be leaving to take up his first job. Before that time came, I wanted to know about the Kansas-Colt game, so with some misgivings I broached the subject.

"Say, Ralph, you remember that game, don't you?"

"Yes,—I remember," looking far down the beach.

"What happened?"

"Nothing much, we lost, that's all."

Ralph was still gazing steadily across the far-stretching wastes of sand. I understood that mood, and knew there was

The Lehigh Review

something he was holding back.

"What's the trouble, bunk, aren't you going to tell me?"

"It wasn't much of a game—and it was all my fault," said Ralph slowly.

Then realising that I was waiting to hear, he decided to tell me, and whirled quickly about. The story he told gave me a clearer insight into his character than anything else could have, and just because some of you may still be wondering why Kansas lost that one game, spoiling an undefeated season, I will tell you Ralph's story.

"Bill Taussig and I were the best of friends in college, and still are for that matter," began Ralph, and I settled down on the sand to hear the story.

"Bill was a Beta, president of the house in his senior year. From the time we played together on the frosh team he always had a real fighting spirit and a hankering to star. It was amusing to see him line up across from me and give me the wink just before the play. I guess I liked Bill better than anyone I knew in football. He always seemed to be clear when I wanted to toss a pass. He'd grab it out of the air and dash down the field like mad. He was fast, clever, and tough.

"After practice we'd go into the locker-room together, take our share of the good-natured jokes and prophecies from the gang and then go our own ways. It may seem queer that Bill and I didn't travel together when off the football field, but he always went up the hill to the Beta house, while I walked home with Butz, a fraternity brother who was trying hard to make the first team.

"Butz and I were pretty serious minded and were really trying to get as much as possible out of our chemistry courses. Perhaps the reason was that we didn't have much time to go out with Bill—but whatever the reason, Butz and I went it together and we knew little about Bill Taussig except that he was a great foot-

ball player and almost a young god in my eyes. That's the way I feel about a backfield star with the character and loyalty that Bill had.

"Time after time have I seen him whipping the team to a better showing. Even now I can see him big and powerful, all decked out in that red and gray jersey, waiting across the field, hoping the kick-off would send the ball his way;—or again, grabbing my hand in the huddle in preparation for the lateral pass play which was sometimes good for a touch-down. After the last white line had been crossed, Bill would come running to pound Pudgy and me on the back. Pudgy was the center and a good one, too. Then Bill would back off to try the kick for point. It's funny, but Bill always tried the kick after his own touchdown.

"But to get down to that Colt game. As I said, it was my fault; perhaps I was a prig. The game before that we had won from Wisconsin, a powerful team, 14 to 3, on a hot sunny day that melted away one player after another.

"It was a great victory, and the Sunday papers made a big fuss about it. Bill and I were suggested as All-Western backs.

"I was happy, with a happiness that was for the college and the team. My sentimental hero worshipping of Bill increased as the photographers took our pictures standing together.

"Fred Lanahan, the coach, was happy, Butz and Pudgy were hilarious, the team was in high spirits, and the college in general was shot through and through with optimism.

"Colt was a rest game before we took on Nebraska. If only we could overcome Nebraska, there would be an undefeated season,—that was before the fatal Colt game.

"Monday the team was given a rest. Lanahan knew too much football to chance any injuries in unnecessary scrim-

All My Fault

mage. Tuesday the practice went off smoothly, spirits were high, and I went up to the Beta house with Bill for dinner. Wednesday was the day.

"My admiration for Bill had increased to such an extent that I knew we would win. Bill was a natural, shifty, clever back. Oldson, the fullback, could always be depended upon for a few yards through the line. Midge Glen, the quarterback, was the brainiest signal-caller Kansas had seen in many years, and the line was as solid as a brick wall—big farmer lads trained by Lanahan to use their size and strength to the best purpose of the play.

"All that afternoon, practice plays worked like a well-oiled machine. In the locker-room joy reigned supreme—everyone was optimistic and friendly. Bill was radiant, one of those great fellows who knows how to put pep into the bunch. Butz and I talked nothing but football all the way home; there was a chance that Butz would start at left-tackle on Saturday.

"That evening, after hitting the books for a little while, my head became dizzy. Too many thoughts of football. What I needed was a bit of fresh air. Suddenly I threw down the book, and, leaving the house alone, headed down town. There was no particular destination except that I didn't want to go any place where the fellows might be hanging around, for a bunch of chemistry problems were waiting to be done. Keeping away from the college places, and walking with head down, it wasn't long before the river loomed up before me.

"Under the bridge there was a section of Lawrence I had never visited before. It was a shabby section with a cheap hotel, several dark-looking places, and a group of dirty-looking houses. I don't know why I went towards the place; perhaps it was from curiosity to know what was in this section I had missed.

"As I neared one of the dark buildings small streaks of light could be seen through the cracks in the shutters. Loud, boisterous laughing assured me that a party of some kind was going on. Suddenly I was stunned to hear Bill Taussig's laugh—a sound I would know anywhere. Perhaps I shouldn't have peeped in through the shutters. There was Bill with two other fellows, Burns from the dorms, and Kit Williams, a boy of questionable character who lived in Lawrence. Bill was talking while three rather gaudy and suggestive-looking girls gazed at him admiringly.

"'Yup, gonna have undefeated season,' Bill bellowed in that brawling voice that comes from a bit too much liquor.

"'Hear you an' Blake gonna make All-Western,' said Burns, obviously trying to impress the girls.

"'Yup, all I gotta do is keep going. I'll beat Nebraska single-handed, same as I did in the Wisconsin game. When I break loose, nothin's gonna stop me. Blake's a good kid, too,' he added, 'just needs me to nurse him along, that's all.'

"Well, I didn't wait to hear any more. Bill was tight,—breaking training,—bragging about his personal victories,—and before these women—ugh! My idol was shattered,—I hurried home. Found myself crying angrily on the way. Went to bed sick at heart. Why did Bill have to turn out that way? Why was such a normally clean fellow sopping up the glory of his team's victory with cheap liquor and cheaper women? I may be a prig, but the thought was revolting and disgusting.

"Saturday I wasn't playing well. Bill had sensed that something was wrong. The passes weren't straight,—he muffed them. The line charged but the backs fumbled. It began to affect the whole team,—the attitude spread as the game went on. A plucky, hard-fighting little

(Continued on Page 50)



A Well Balanced Education

One of the greatest regrets of a college graduate is that while in college he thought it necessary to concentrate and specialize too much in one subject which would prepare him for his job in life. Especially is this fact true of engineers who take nothing but scientific courses and then find that one of the most desired qualities in a young man, even at the beginning of his career, is the ability to meet people upon congenial terms, to exhibit a human interest, to converse appreciatively upon other than technical subjects. A university training after all is only a foundation; one cannot hurdle many of the lesser jobs by means of it. But if in addition to heat engines and blow-pipe analysis a student has taken an interest in English, history, and the social sciences, studies which foster one's natural human interest, he stands a better chance of going farther in his chosen profession even if that profession be engineering. Arts men majoring in science have made, on the average just as enviable a record in the scientific world as have engineers. The present business depression has impressed upon us that economic and industrial problems are fundamentally social, and dependent upon so-

cial conditions. It remains for students of our universities to understand this fact. The engineer and the industrialist must work hand in hand with the social reformer and the humane educationalist.

So much has already been written on this subject by authorities that I hesitate—yet there may be some value in a student point of view. The arts student has been condemned by some technicians as a pedant interested only in abstractions, the business student for holding to the mere objective of financial gain, the engineer as a mechanical unappreciative slave. What is needed is more of a fusion with appreciation of each others point of view, for after all no one department can exist by itself, human nature is varied and all three elements of training will enter into life no matter what profession one follows.

I do not wish to argue against concentration upon one subject, but rather upon such concentration to the exclusion of all other interests. In a well rounded education, a broad foundation for any career, scientific, historic and appreciative subjects should be intermingled, with, of course, the preponderance of one's major interest. We shouldn't worry so much

Editorials

about preparing for a definite job in which we are interested; if our heart lies there we will get the job anyway.

Gridiron Banquet

The annual Gridiron Banquet sponsored by Pi Delta Epsilon has proved itself worthy of the support of Lehigh students. It is the one influence in the university that coalesces the spirit of the year into one great caricature of purely local humour and fun. Students and faculty alike have the opportunity of seeing themselves as others see them with their funny side uppermost and their pet foibles revealed.

This year's banquet promises to outstrip by far the initial efforts of the past performance. More people will be roasted upon the gridiron of campus spirit, and to a much better crisp. With malice towards none, and with a true taste of Lehigh spirit which nowhere else can show itself with such vigor and spontaneity, the roast will be carried on merrily, merrily. Come and enjoy the spirit, the companionship, and many healthy, hearty laughs.

Farewell To Arms

This is the last Review to be published by the present editors. We have tried to make the magazine more reflective of Lehigh than in former years. More cuts have been used of purely college character; the stories so far as possible have been more diversified in interest; the publication has been kept at a consistent size larger than ever before.

We realize in part the errors we have made and regret that things were not better. For anything published which might

have given unwarranted offense we are sorry. We have made the best choice of the material at hand and regret that more interest is not taken in serious literary attempts.

To our successors we wish a larger degree of success, and hope for the development of the interests of a serious literary publication in Lehigh. Engineering articles are solicited, all students are encouraged to write, any expression of Lehigh creativeness is acceptable, there is opportunity for many more students on both the editorial and business boards.

College Activities

College activities have been discussed very little this year in comparison with the furor created over them in the past year. We must remember that the plan for limitation of activities drawn up by O. D. K. and passed by Arcadia goes into effect next September. It is therefore relevant that we consider the comparative value of activities, realizing of course that values are slightly variable in individual cases.

The most valuable activities are those which are beneficial, such as certain sports, and those which we can carry over into our lives after graduation, such as publications, music, drama, or perhaps some club which has our interest for its interest.

It is well to select those organizations which give an extra-curricular outlet for our interests and ambitions, and to limit ourselves to those. Better work can be done in such a case than if you become one of those miserable students, distracted by too many interests, or one who is a "joiner" simply for the false "honor" of being a member.

Mirages

by
Maurice Rosalsky

MOST people have great interest but sceptical feeling relative to the form and characteristics of a mirage. They have heard grandiloquent accounts of mirages, but comparatively few of us have seen anything which would tend to substantiate these accounts. Moreover, it appears that the best descriptions are those of about fifty years' standing, and thus, it is no wonder that the mirage is largely discredited by present-day individuals.

I will show later why the scarcity of mirages and their greater past than present excellence really has a basis of fact.

There are two main types of mirages known as the "lake" and the "looming". We have all read how the lone wanderer, maddened by thirst, has run screaming toward the longed-for water only to have his hopes dashed by the treacherous "lake" mirage. The "lake" mirage can best be seen in warm, arid, level regions, the less grass the better. Under favorable conditions, the "lake" appears about nine o'clock in the morning and continues till four in the afternoon. This phantom lake appears to come to within a half mile of the observer. By crouching down so that the eyes are slightly above ground level, the lake may be brought to within a hundred yards. Since a real lake will never give such a result, it would appear that this might be an effective method of telling the sheep from the goats. The lake mirage can be best seen under clear skies, but also occasionally under overcast. Wind does not dispel its formation; but, on the contrary, affects the illusory lake surface just as it would the surface of real water, pushing it into small ripples and waves.

The "looming" mirage is a much rarer

phenomenon. When it does appear, it can first be seen coming in with the dawn. Distant vistas are lifted bodily above the ordinary horizon, usually three degrees but sometimes more. Towns and ranches located beyond the horizon can be distinctly seen. Sometimes, the eerie tableau is right side up, sometimes upside down. This variety of mirage has been much spoken of even by veracious writers with considerable exaggeration. One was led to believe that the wandering hero suddenly saw the mirage directly in front of him, actually heard the commotion of the city, saw and talked to the princess, and all but kissed her hand. Such accounts are apparently "slightly" exaggerated.

A scientific explanation will, however, take most of the romance away from mirages.

The mirage really is a phenomenon caused by the simple principle of differential refraction. When light rays pass through layers of air of differing density the above condition is met. One way that this condition is found in nature results from excessive **heating** of the ground surface by the sun's rays in the daytime. A layer of air is produced next to the ground of higher temperature, and of less density than the air immediately above it. Such a condition will make a "lake" mirage possible, for the rays of light coming from the sky will appear to the observer as if coming from some point on the ground. This is so because the rays are bent out of their course as they enter layers of air of different density, and thus a patch of sky is seen on the ground, changed by the observer's imagination into a lake of water.

Excessive **cooling** of the ground surface

Lines

by radiation at night produces next to the ground a layer of air of lower temperature and greater density than the air layer immediately above it. This condition makes a "looming" mirage possible, for the rays of light coming from objects beyond the horizon are bent in such a way as to strike the eye of the observer as coming from a point in the sky. Thus the observer sees distant vistas in the sky. After the sun rises sufficiently to begin warming the cold surface layer, a strip of sky will appear between the real horizon and the "looming" mirage. As the day advances, this strip widens, constantly eating at the lower margin of the "looming" until finally the rare phenomenon has been narrowed to nothingness.

The question now remains as to why there are fewer mirages now than in the past. Let us take Kansas, a typical example. In that state, forty and fifty years ago, mirages were frequently reported. Old letters and reports certify this, and thus it cannot be said that the old-timers, in their present accounts, are exaggerating "the good old times". It is also true that now even the weather bureau men in that region, who certainly have their eyes open, report few mirages. There is

a way out of the dilemma, however.

Forty or fifty years ago, Kansas was a semi-arid sandy plain, and thus the ground heated up quickly during the day, and cooled quickly during the night. Now, however, there is a great deal of vegetation and plowed-up land throughout the region. It is obvious that the denser the vegetation, the smaller and slower will be the temperature changes of the ground surface, thus lessening the probability of the appearance of a mirage. Mirages are most frequent during the summer, and it is just this time that the crop covering is most dense. It has been claimed that after great prairie fires when there was, of course, little vegetation, mirages were more common, a statement tending to substantiate this theory for the modern shortage of mirages.

Public descriptions of mirages are more often made by laymen than scientists. Since laymen in most populated regions can no longer easily see country where good mirage conditions exist, it is no wonder that we hear less of the fascinating stories of cities, ranches and huge herds of cattle "looming" above the desolate wastes,—stories that the hardy pioneers used to indulge in frequently.



Shots

by

William G. Alcorn

THEATRE! Gang war! A criminal laden taxi rushed across the scene.

It swerved to the right and to the left through a mob that stood rooted to the street in terror. Police rushed after the taxi. Shots! All was excitement. The very air was tense; all was so real. The audience was electrified; it was living the drama. It was secretly praying for the safety of the wayward hero. More shots! This was the most convincingly real of all crook plays. Men ducked through doorways. Every one scrambled to safety. Children's eyes glared in stupefied horror. Women screamed. The taxi roared on. E-e-e-e! My God! What happened? The audience was truly startled. This was no canned screaming from the actors. This was flesh and blood,—actual terror at something. E-e-e-e! The screaming continued. The picture which had in the meantime grown practically silent, was completely ignored. "What's up?" More women began to howl vilely. "Turn on the lights." By some magic hand the lights were flashed on. The crowd rushed to the front where a group had gathered around something strange. Men cried for water. Several women had fainted. There was a man stiff and cold; his tuxedo shirt was besmirched with hard blood, and he looked terrifying as he sat there, dead, in the theatre chair.

A tall sensible man who seemed to have complete control of himself, walked quickly to the stage and asked for a doctor from the audience. Luckily the coroner was there, and he strode nervously to the front.

"Hm, dead, he's been dead for perhaps an hour,—shot through the heart from the front,—directly ahead. No one in this radius move from the theatre," he

ordered as he measured the distance with his hands. "Some of you gentlemen please carry this body to the rest room in the back." Four men volunteered, and after a slow, awful march through the aisle, they had the corpse lying on a comfortable sofa while an excited mob tried to force its way into the room. The coroner ordered them all away and went about his ordinary routine. He searched the clothes for marks of identification, but there were none. The criminal had removed all things which might have trapped him. There were no papers, nothing at all but a little change and a few bills. "This sure was clever," ventured the coroner. "Call up the city detective bureau and tell them to send several men over immediately. They'll find out who did this. It takes a pretty smart man to beat the law. It just can't be done. They'll get the rat."

Well,—they never did get the rat, and here is the reason.

Theatre! Gang war! A criminal laden taxi rushed across the scene. It swerved to the right and to the left through a mob that stood rooted to the street in terror. Police rushed after the taxi. Shots! A youth was standing behind the curtain at the side of the screen. He had seldom been on the stage before. He was from the country and was dressed, in spite of that, rather inconspicuously. There was nothing peculiar about him except an adenoid stare which gave him a look of complete stupidity. He was usually likeable enough, but now his mouth was set with determination. He slowly raised his gun and pointed it at a certain gentleman in the audience. He covered the shining muzzle with his handkerchief to

Shots

hide the flash of powder from the electrified audience which was sure to notice everything. He aimed carefully, — very carefully. He wanted to make no mistake. Shots! His shot was one of them, but it was buried in all the racket of the screen.

He tucked his handkerchief in his pocket and walked nonchalantly across the stage. This was no time for excitement. No one would discover that killing until some woman would stumble across the victim's legs and find his cold, awkward body in her arms. There were too many people there to tag any one of them as a murderer and no one would ever guess from where the shot had come. It was certainly well that he had removed

all marks of identification from the dead man's clothes, while he was dressing in the hotel, — even the manufacturer's tag from the inside pocket of the coat.

The outside air felt good to the lad as he opened the door of the stage entrance. He took a long deep breath. He was perfectly safe. Two girls passed him as he walked calmly up the street. They turned and gaped at him, while one said, "Dorothy, isn't he the dumbest-looking thing you ever saw?"

That made no difference to the young man. He walked on as if he were following a plow, and muttered to himself, "No damn cheat like him ain't goin' to do nothin' as rotten as that to my little sister an' get away with it."

LINES—

Too regal far to call thee queen,
Too lovely to be known as fair,
Where all the envious graces dwell,
And are more dear for being there,
Oh, thou! My very soul,
My heart, my love, my all!
Could thou but know my fev'rish passion,
My wild emotion!
And what within my breast doth rage
As the seething ocean.
Bend and kiss these hungry lips,
That tremble but for thee.
Caress me dear, within thine arms.
Oh, let me love thy vibrant charms,
And lastly breathe and die with thee.—W. A.

Just Right

by

Walton Forstall, Jr.

Being some mental meanderings in which the author
congratulates himself on having entered Lehigh
neither before nor after 1927.

PROGRESS! There are those who worship it; there are those who detest it; and there are those who are indifferent to it. We are even in disagreement as to its present existence. Some say we are in the midst of it; others say we are not.

But there can be no dispute, no doubt, that *tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis*. And what can be said of the world in general can be applied to Lehigh in particular. Let me introduce my point of view with a story.

You are a little boy. When you get up one morning and get dressed you discover that a parade, which has started some time in the night, is passing your house. Your father says, "Son, you may go out on the front porch to watch the parade for five minutes." So you do, and you see certain very interesting things. Then you go out the back door to school. There you discuss the parade with your friends, each of whom has watched the parade for about the same length of time you have. But some have gotten up earlier and some later, so you have not seen the same sights in the line of march. And so a great clamor arises, each boy loudly and stoutly maintaining that he saw the best section of the parade.

I saw the Lehigh parade from 1927 to 1931 and, so far as I am concerned, I wouldn't have wanted to go out on my front porch a minute sooner or a minute later. I'll see if I can raise my voice in support of my contention.

Change, be it progress or not, involves loss of the old and arrival of the new. At a university this usually takes place so slowly, and important shifts are separated by such extended intervals that,

given a class and given a change, the odds are heavy that the class will have seen either the old or the new, but not both.

I was brought up on the old saying, "You cannot eat your cake and have it too." But during this 1927-1931 period in Lehigh's history so many changes have occurred and with such rapidity that I feel as though I had entered in one era, graduated (term used provisionally—fingers crossed) in another, and enjoyed the benefits of both.

And now, Dean McConn, members of the Faculty, and other educators and philosophers who have read this far, please stop. For I am going to catalogue some changes which have occurred at Lehigh between 1927 and 1931 which, by their (to your minds) utter triviality, will destroy the effect of all I have said before and make me the laughing stock of the greybeards. If you must read on, and have any charity for the feelings of an author who, like the unfortunate inventor, is presenting his ideas in all sincerity and seriousness, keep your mirth to yourself.

I mourn the passing and feel glad that I came to Lehigh in time to see the following:

The Chapel rush
"Brownie"
Class banquet fights
College lectures
Freshman leapfrog
The grove of trees west of the Chapel
Freshman running between classes
The old Brown and White organization
Freshman cap rushes
The old Epitome organization
"Pooch" Cranmer

Just Right

Packer Hall lecture hall
The shoe rush
Bill Esty
The Shipbuilding Company building
Camp Coppee
Benner's old place
Old Library entrance
The little wooden bridge by Professor
Palmer's house
And many others which I have not in
mind at present

Among the items which I could not
have enjoyed if I had come to college
earlier are:

Tau Beta Pi convention
New roads
Victories over Princeton and Lafayette
Packard Laboratory
Intercollegiate wrestling at Lehigh
New Library

I could enlarge and discourse on each
item of these lists, but day dreams are
best kept to oneself. Let me testify, how-
ever, that, etched sharply in my mind,
there will ever remain a picture of that
little wooden bridge as I walked toward
it on my way to chapel one morning af-
ter a heavy, wet snowfall. It was a verit-
able fairy grotto, each twig overhanging
the bridge, and brook piled high with the
whitest snow, glistening and sparkling in
the horizontal rays of a winter's sunrise.

But they have torn away the bridge and
buried the brook in a concrete pipe.

And so, I am sure that I came to Le-
high at just the right time. I chuckle
with joy when I think of what I would
have missed if I had come any earlier or
any later. **Tempus edax rerum est.** Well,
it's nice to be satisfied, isn't it?

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with devining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

—Shakespeare.



The Historical Basis of "William Tell"

by
Rudolph Imhof

"**W**ILLIAM TELL," the story of the Swiss struggle for liberty, is the last of Friedrich Schiller's historical dramas, and is said to be his finest work. His faithful reproduction of Swiss scenery and character, and the force and beauty of many passages in the play, incline one to agree with Professor Calvin Thomas when he says, "William Tell" is the most notable drama in modern literature upon the theme of national resistance to foreign tyranny."

Schiller was inspired to write the play by his intimate friend, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, a contemporary German poet, who had intended to write a story of Tell himself, but delayed work on it, and finally gave it up. Before Schiller had undertaken the work, a rumor became current that he was writing a "Tell". This rumor, together with Goethe's warm encouragement and his own freedom-loving spirit, led him to undertake to write the story of the uprising of the Swiss people against Austrian tyranny in defense of their liberty. Although he had never visited Switzerland, he scanned many maps and pictures, and read books

on Switzerland in order to secure a comprehensive knowledge of the country. In addition, he received valuable aid from the descriptions of his wife and Goethe, both of whom had spent some time in Switzerland, so that he was able to portray such a vivid account of Swiss life and customs that his play found a welcome in every Swiss home.

While authentic history disproves the identity of a William Tell, the Swiss people have always loved him, and many refuse to regard him as a myth.* Instances of this blind patriotism are to be found on every hand. Old documents have been forged in order to prove that there really was a William Tell. The Swiss have erected a monument in honor of Tell, and Tell's Chapel stands on the shore of Lake Lucerne where Tell was supposed to have assisted Baumgarten in his flight. The works of the first conscientious writers, who dared to disagree with the legend, were publicly burned. During the nineteenth century, however, these writers became so numerous that it was difficult to suppress them.

For a better understanding and a richer

*It is interesting to note here a reply made by an elderly Swiss friend, when I asked him for some material concerning the "legend" of William Tell.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Did you say legend? Young man, allow me to inform you that, for the Swiss, there was only one Tell, and he was a real Tell. Legend indeed!"

The Historical Basis of "William Tell"

appreciation of Schiller's play, it is necessary to know the facts upon which it is based. There is such an admixture of fact and fable throughout the play that it is difficult to separate the two. Schiller gathered his material from the works of Fasi, Scheuchzer, Muller, Ebel, Schmidt, and principally from Tschudi's "*Chronicum Halviticum*," which was written in 1569 and based on writings taken from the "White Book of Sarnen," an anonymous chronicle still preserved in the archives of the village of Sarnen. These early writers of Swiss history were not particular about the accuracy of the stories, which they set forth as actual history in their writings, but were more concerned in preserving the honor of the Swiss confederacy. In copying his play closely from legendary history such as this, Schiller could not fail to exaggerate the oppression of the Swiss in order to justify the action of his hero.

Impartial historians have proven that the settlement and history of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald, the three original cantons of Switzerland, their relation to the German empire, and to the Hapsburgs of Austria, their finally successful struggle for liberty, and the establishment of their independent government as depicted by Schiller in "William Tell" is, for the most part, purely legendary. There is no proof to show that the people of the early cantons of Switzerland were descendants of Scandinavian ancestors who, forced to leave Sweden because of famine, settled on the shores of Lake Lucerne as Werner Stauffacher, a free man of Schwytz in "William Tell," tells us. Stauffacher relates further that they had been free men from the first, giving their voluntary allegiance to the German emperor in return for his royal protection. Here again, it has been proven that the Swiss had not been free from obligation to Hapsburg. Schiller tells us how the Hapsburg-Austrian emperor sent tyranni-

cal bailiffs to the Swiss cantons in order to subjugate them and add them to his own possessions, although there are no contemporary records to substantiate these complaints. According to the play, Gessler von Bruneck, the worst of the tyrants, was killed by William Tell, but history knows of neither Gessler nor Tell. We are told that the union of the three cantons on the Rootli, and the subsequent revolt on New Year's Day, 1308, was the origin of the Swiss confederation, but a searching examination of Swiss history reveals that the establishment of the Swiss republic was accomplished only after a long struggle with Austria, and not by a sudden rebellion.

The earliest inhabitants of Switzerland, definitely known to history, were the Helvetian and Rhaetian Celts, who were conquered by the Romans. From the third to the fifth century, Germanic tribes invaded Helvetia. During the fifth century, the Alamanni occupied north-eastern Switzerland, while the Burgundians settled in the southwest. In 843, by the treaty of Verdun, Alamannic Helvetia became part of the German empire. During the eleventh century, Burgundian Helvetia was added. The Dukes of Zaringen represented the emperor during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but on the extinction of this family in 1218, the counts of Savoy, Kiburg and Hapsburg became rulers in the emperor's name.

In 1231, the canton of Uri secured a charter from Emperor Heinrich indicating its dependence on the empire and not on a feudal lord. Although the Hapsburgs had more property in Schwytz than in Uri, this canton also succeeded in securing a charter similar to that of Uri from the German emperor in 1240. In the canton of Unterwald, however, the Hapsburg possessions were so numerous that a charter could not be obtained. In 1246, Unterwald and Schwytz formed the first Swiss league, for which they were banned

by Pope Innocent IV. When Uri joined the league soon afterwards, a long struggle ensued between the Hapsburgs and the cantons, which Professor Robert Deering says, "furnished the historical basis for the traditional stories of early Hapsburg cruelty."

Rudolph of Hapsburg was elected emperor of the German empire in 1273. In spite of the fact that he was one of the hated Hapsburgs, his recognition of their rights caused the Swiss to love and respect him. He confirmed the charter of Uri, but refused to confirm that of Schwytz. After his death in 1291, the cantons formed their Magna Charta, which formed the basis of their later confederacy, and is often referred to as the Swiss "declaration of independence." This document is preserved in the archives of the town of Schwytz.

When the electors, in whom abided the right of selecting Rudolph's successor, disregarded Rudolph's heir, Albrecht, and seated Adolph of Nassau on the throne, Albrecht slew Adolph, and seized the throne of the empire. Since the Swiss had fought in the armies of Adolph, who was the lawful emperor, Albrecht transferred the cantons from the condition of allegiance to the empire to direct dependence upon his own branch of the Hapsburg family. However, he did not send any tyrannical bailiffs to oppress them, nor was there any uprising during his reign. In 1308, he was killed by his nephew, Archduke John, who appears in the fifth act of "William Tell".

The next emperor, Heinrich VII, gave charters to Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald. When he died, Ludwig of Bavaria and Friedrich of Austria were contenders for the throne. Since Friedrich was a son of the much-hated Albrecht, the Swiss fought with Ludwig, and succeeded in defeating Friedrich in the battle of Morgarten on November 15, 1315. Ludwig confirmed their charters, and the cantons

renewed the league of 1291 at Brunnen on December 9, 1315. After this, the cantons experienced no further difficulties in extending and strengthening the confederation.

The intermingling of this history with fable is due to the chroniclers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The events described in these later chronicles can not be substantiated by anything found in the earlier records. The alleged Scandinavian ancestry of the Swiss was an invention due, no doubt, to a reluctance to admit their German descent because of their quarrels with the Hapsburgs.

The first accounts of Swiss resistance to bailiff tyranny were written in 1450 by Conrad Justinger, who was the official chronicler of Bern at this time. Basing his authority on verbal tradition, he makes a very general statement of the struggles with the Hapsburgs, but attaches no particulars, names or dates to his story. Gradually this general statement grew, and soon was surrounded by a mass of details. Each canton invented its own stories of oppression, unscrupulously assigning arbitrary names, dates, and places. In the "White Book of Sarnen," which was written about 1470, the stories of each canton are woven into a harmonious whole to form the national Swiss legend, which, through Tschudi's "Chronicon," found its way into Schiller's "William Tell."

Unterwald claims the Baumgarten story, and also the tale of the Landenberg, who puts out a man's eyes and takes away his property because the old man's son, Arnold von Melchthal, refuses to give up a pair of oxen, which the Landenberg demands. Schwytz invents the story of the covetous Gessler, who makes Stauffacher fear that his home will be taken from him, and is thus indirectly the cause of the meeting of representatives of the cantons on the Rootli. The

Our Culture

Tell myth, originating in Uri, is combined with the Rootli legend. William Tell, one of the worthy men of Uri, refuses to do obeisance to the hat which Gessler has set up to test the loyalty of the Swiss. As a punishment, Gessler demands that he shoot an apple from the head of his son, Walter Tell. When Tell succeeds with his shot, he vows to kill the tyrant for inflicting such an awful punishment. He kills Gessler from ambush, and is given credit for putting an end to the tyranny of the bailiffs.

Stories similar to the Swiss Tell legend

have been found in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, England, and Germany. In Denmark, Toko was ordered by his king, who was known as Bluetooth, to shoot an apple from his son's head. Like Tell, he was successful with his shot, and afterwards also killed the king from ambush. In England, the legend of William of Cloudesly corresponds very closely to the Tell legend. It is, therefore, very probable that the Tell legend is of Germanic origin, and was taken to Switzerland by the original Alamannic settlers.

Our Culture

by
Theodore Ehrsam, Jr.

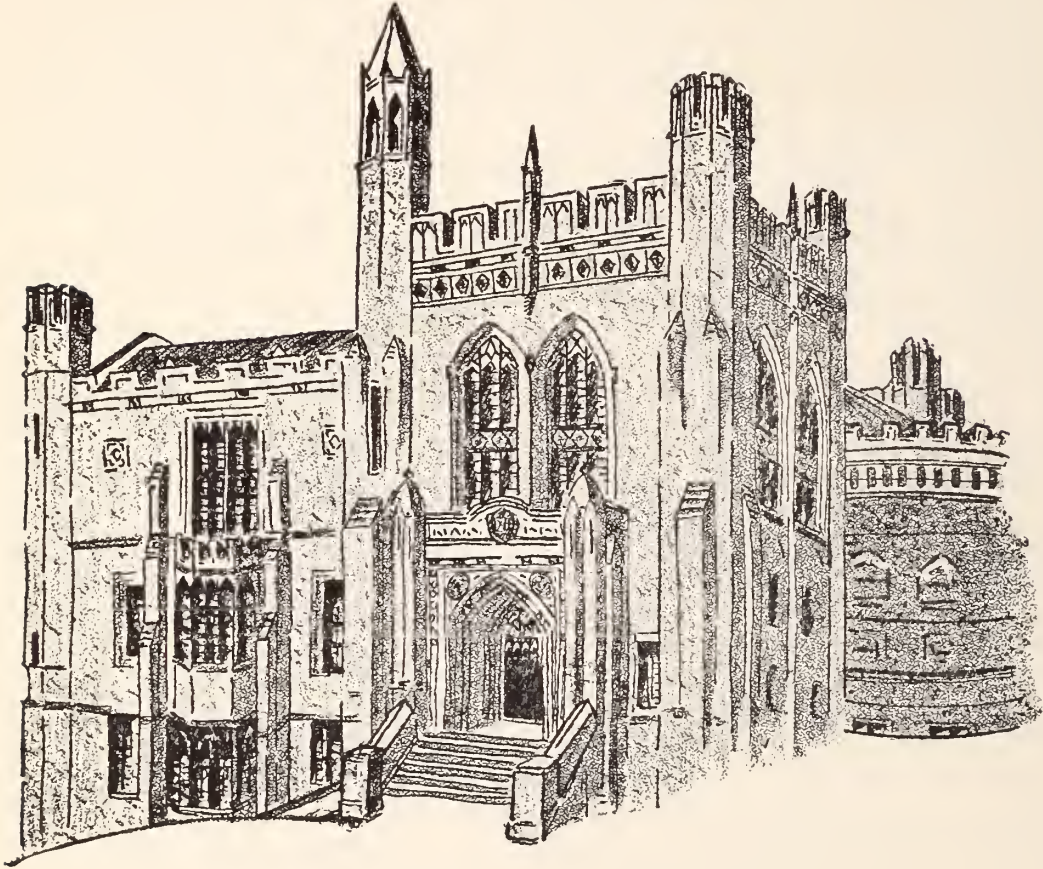
RECENTLY, the advertising pages of well-known metropolitan newspapers blossomed forth with a most astonishing offer. In return for an extremely modest expenditure, any and all readers, of whatever intellectual ability or discernment, were to be inculcated with the "spirit and essence of true Culture". For the first time in the history of this many-sphered universe, the advertisement points out, it is now possible for any pair of eyes to soak up the precious drops of Culture from this singular volume.

It is more than highly probable that many thousands of valiant fools will avail themselves of this remarkable opportunity, for even the most feeble sight gazes with longing and desire upon the fair countenance of Culture. That these same fools will skim eagerly and hastily through the knowledge-heavy pages is almost equally assured. And finally, that the general level of intelligence will be raised, or that humanity will be bettered immensely, by this strange book, we can-

not reasonably doubt.

This is an age of "short-cuts" in all branches of human endeavor. Liberal studies are useless in the eyes of most people, since they do not directly contribute to financial gain, and any preparation must, seemingly, be hasty to be effective. The tempo of life is speedy, and the direction of effort must always be definitely towards materialistic advancement. However, if Culture can be picked up along the way, in much the same fashion as a new hat or other adornment, then, people say, so much the better. Thus our noble neighbors have pounced on this rapid approach to Culture somewhat as famished dogs on raw meat.

Sadly enough, we have not read, or even purchased, the book. Hence we will undoubtedly thirst, while the proud possessor of the magic volume drink contentedly in the vast Ocean of Culture. Conservative souls always, we trust they do not drown!





What the Automotive Industries Expect of the Technical Schools

Mr. Glancy was graduated from Lehigh in 1903 with the M. E. degree. He is now President of the Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan.
by Fay C. Bartlett

by
Alfred R. Glancy

FOR a graduation thesis in 1903, another boy and I took the automobile. After exhaustive tests and study of the mechanics of the thing, and of the business possibilities, we gravely set down in this thesis that the automobile was a rich man's toy and promised no practical future. At least, a future not brilliant enough to attract these two earnest young investigators. So, in 1903 this other boy and I left the automotive industry prostrate. But in spite of our dereliction, that business did prosper, and seventeen years after we wrote its obituary I started to work for the General Motors Corporation.

With that inaccurate forecast behind me, but not forgotten, I naturally speak here with a great deal of trepidation as to the value of any utterances of mine, concerning the automobile industry.

In assigning me this subject, many wondered what the attitude of the automotive industry was toward college graduates. They observed that in managerial capacities the percentage of college graduates is lower in this industry than in other technical business.

There are two reasons for this. First, the industry has only become technical within the last decade. For a long time the industry really built horseless carriages. When I graduated there was great argument between the single cylinder and multiple cylinder advocates; one group claiming that fifty horse-power in one cylinder was like handling a powerful, well-trained horse, as against four scrawny little horses with the accompanying troubles of controlling such a team, pulling in various directions, starting and stopping at different times. That is how technical

The Lehigh Review

some of the arguments were. For a long time whip-sockets were standard dash-board equipment. Engineers of the pioneer days were practical engineers. We built the Samson tractors with plain bearings in the front wheel on the theory that the farmer would grease only the parts that squealed. Only with the coming of Mr. Sloan, from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, into the presidency of General Motors Corporation, less than ten years ago, has the college-trained engineer got the recognition and opportunities so justly his. I wish to pay tribute to the early engineer. To-day we have the engine up front and we place in your lap all of its noise, odor and vibration. Some day we will put the engines behind you like Mr. Packard did in the automobile that now stands in the lobby of the Packard Memorial Building.

The second reason is that this industry is comparatively young. We still have with us the pioneers who developed the business. As these men were building the business, they naturally selected younger assistants of their own type, so we have in the industry to-day the original pioneer in a semi-active position, and his old-time assistant in active charge.

But there is a third group rapidly coming forward to manage all of these properties, and this group is composed almost solidly of college graduates.

History repeats itself in industry. First comes the stark necessity of getting position, the ruthless time when no holds are barred. Then the intermediate period of making that position secure; and third, the period we are now entering when mature judgment reigns, when policies are respected.

This marks the passing of the old-time pioneer—his day of individual combat—individual decision and erratic performance. The automobile business recognizes the need of trained men to take over the industry that has been so ably pion-

eerred by this original group of capable men. This proves that we are happy with the product now being turned out by the technical schools. We believe that a good job is being done, and no matter what we do as individuals or as an industry for the technical schools, we will only be partially repaying our debt.

My work on this assignment has been of a reportorial nature. With the exception of the Ford Company, I have interviewed presidents, managers and chief engineers of companies who manufacture over ninety percent of the cars built, exclusive of Ford. I hoped that as a result of this investigation I would be able to report some major things, some things that would attract your attention, that I would be able to uncover some acute needs for special work on the part of the technical schools, but my findings have not supported that hope. No matter whom I interviewed, whether he was connected with a large company or small—whether he himself was a college graduate or one of the most typical pioneers—and no matter how he expressed himself—there was unanimity of desire concerning the type of men wanted.

They are asking for men thoroughly trained in the fundamentals, with personality. To what degree personality can be developed and influenced by the college, I do not know; but certainly his attitude can be directed. **He should be generous in his tolerances,** and humble; not with the humbleness of acquiescence, but the greater humbleness that is willing to take the suggestions of a better man and use them. I am trying to re-state what Mr. Schwab expressed so clearly when he spoke about the need of democracy in industry. They should have disciplined spirits. Mr. C. F. Kettering claims that the Engineering Departments of many of the technical industries are carrying a heavy quota of foreign-born and foreign-trained men, because these

What the Automotive Industries Expect of the Technical Schools

men, with their practical foundations of scientific training, are capable of great development. Also, these foreign-born and trained men do a more thorough job. They are happy with gradual advancement, which in turn makes for thoroughness of execution.

Our American graduates, after two or three months on the drafting board, or a similar time in the shop, are frequently discouraged, because those glamorous executive positions about which they have heard so much, are not immediately open to them.

To a man, these executives did not see the need of a boy's specialising for instance, in gas engine design—not because any work he does in June will be obsolete by the time he goes to work in July, but because our greater need is for a complete grounding in the fundamentals. When these men are asked to specify which fundamentals, they are positive about physics, chemistry, mathematics and English. They are fairly certain about the social sciences—political economy, economics, etc. They thought that general cultural subjects might be beneficial.

My own stand in the matter of cultural subjects is very positive. I believe with Mr. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, "that the most important man in the world to-day is a good salesman. Nothing of permanent value has come down to us from the past save by means of good salesmanship on the part of somebody." No matter what he takes up, a man's success depends upon his salesmanship. **That being true, it is most important that he acquire the poise and polish that general culture gives him,** in order that he may make the finest impression of himself and his ideas.

It is almost as essential that the engineer entering this industry be as conscious of the beauty of his product as of the technical specifications. The young peo-

ple and women are our buyers. They are influenced by the smartness of the car, by the silhouette of the design, quality and appearance of trim materials, the appurtenances and color. There is a style factor in this industry almost as dominating as it is in the clothing business.

This being true, all general cultural subjects—all influences that can be brought to bear upon this student which will permit him to sympathize with and appreciate the finest things in life, will be of material help.

I am at further variance with some of these executives. I believe that even with some sacrifice of scientific training, these boys should acquire a taste for cultural subjects. Industry to-day is spending vast sums of money in order to make the working-man's life happier, but no consideration is being given to the executive. It is assumed that he is of the type who will acquire this attitude, but I believe unless he is guided along these channels during his four years of college, there is grave danger of his missing this power of appreciation which will be so helpful to him when his working period has closed.

I said a moment ago that we have only become a technical industry within the last decade. Ninety percent of that technicality has to do with production engineering; less than ten percent with research and development. The advancement in these departments has been in direct proportion to the engineering effort; I mean by that, our productive facilities excel those of design and distribution, and when I think of the great things that are rapidly coming forward, the need for these college men is urgent.

The automobile business is sympathetic and eager for the college-trained man, thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals of science. We want him tolerant and co-operative with as much general

(Continued on Page 50)

Aphrodite's Only Rival

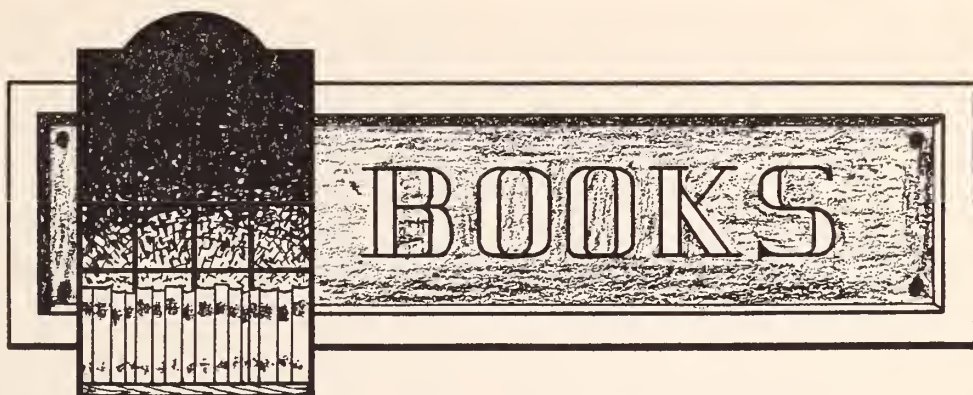
by
C. Brooks Peters

IT was in New York, at one of those night club places, that I met her. She was seated at a table adjoining mine, a ring-side table, gazing rather wistfully across the dance floor. Her profile was exquisite: revealing a semi-circle of ivory white teeth behind tangerine-colored lips—more real than cosmetic in appearance—which were exotically parted in a cynical smile. Perhaps I gazed a bit too intently upon her exposed beauty, because her head slowly turned towards me and her eyes stopped their silent criticism of the dancers to gaze into mine. They were of an unusually extraordinary hue, recalling to my mind the deep sea-green color of ocean water when disturbed by the passage of a mighty leviathan. They fascinated me, and it was only when I perceived that a cloud of red was creeping over her cheeks that I forced my gaze elsewhere.

She was gowned in a white, low-necked, long-sleeved, Brussels lace-trimmed dress which revealed curves more aesthetic than seductive in mien. But one piece of jewelry was observable on her entire person: a black pearl necklace. The contrast of colors in her dress aggravated my belief that she must be a person of exceedingly noble lineage and fine taste.

My rebellious eyes reverted to their former scrutiny of her features, ignoring the rebuke which they had sustained a minute previously. Her hair was blonde, that beautiful blonde tint which lacks entirely the turbid appearance of the "socially" popular effected tint. It was parted on the left side and encompassed her entire head, leaving only a face, unfurrowed by yet quite distant senility, exposed to my admiring gaze. I reviewed in my mind my conception of heroines in literature—Kriemhild, Rosalind, Psyche, Nicolette, the two Isolts, Juliet—and concluded that the lady before me far surpassed all these in physical accoutrement. Again my observations were curtailed by those eyes—this time in seeming wrath. I realized that my lady was enraged, that decorum demanded that I placate her; so I approached the table at which she was seated.

It had not, but now did occur to me that she was unescorted: unusual, thought I, in a Metropolitan night club. I dismissed the thought immediately, however, knowing that she must have some excellent reason for so being; besides, it was now too late for retreat. I was directly before her. I bowed—but ere I had commenced salutations, she burst out, "D'ya wanta dance, honey?"



PRINCESS OF THE NIGHT

by Joseph Kessel

It can easily be seen that the modern novel, "Princess of the Night," by the Frenchman, Joseph Kessel, was written with authority and experience. The book portrays the Russian element in Paris.

By vividly picturing the trials and tribulations of a Russian girl, Helene, the author tells of the life of those noble Russian refugees who fled from their country during the Revolution, and settled in Pigal, the Russian sector of Paris. At the opening of the book, Helene and her sister are living in a cheap boarding-house which is entirely occupied by derelict Russians who at one time were famous nobles or professional men. At a party in this house, Helene meets Anton Ivanitch whom she eventually marries, but who, at the time, is leaving for Asia on a mining venture. Helene and her sister earn their living by making dolls which are sold at the Pigal night clubs. They soon find that this occupation is not sufficient to keep them alive, so Helene begins work as a singer at one of the clubs. It is while she is working here, as a singer, wine seller and mistress to an author

whom she really loves, that the author of this book, in a manner that leaves the reader most depressed, describes the terrible existence of some of these noble people. To keep up to the tempo and spirit of her surroundings, Helene finally falls into the habit of continually being under the influence of alcohol. This affects both her voice and her health. Indirectly because of this, she is dismissed from the club where she is working, and when she is at her lowest ebb in every way, Anton Ivanitch returns to her, a wealthy man. She promises to marry him if her sister be permitted to live with them, in Russia. The book closes satisfactorily in that all the friends she knew in Pigal have either left for America or Africa, as soldiers or adventurers, or they have been killed, or have committed suicide.

I think that this book is one of the most vivid portrayals that I have ever read. The author's manner of revealing what some of his characters are thinking, as in "The Strange Interlude," increases the interest in what will follow. He is not, however, a subtle writer. His logic is clear and decisive, and the action of

The Lehigh Review

the book moderately fast, which, together, make a remarkably interesting story.

* * * * *

MODERN SWEDISH MASTERPIECES

translated by Charles Wharton Stork

"Modern Swedish Masterpieces" is a volume of selected modern Swedish short stories. These stories are drawn from the works of four of Sweden's most promising young authors, namely, Hjalmar Soderberg, Sigfrid Siwertz, Verner VonHeidenstam, and Per Hallstrom. The short story is new in Swedish literature, these four men having had a large part in its initial development.

Hjalmar Soderberg's contributions will be considered first. The stories written by him in this volume are: "The Chimney-Sweeper's Wife," "Bloom," "The Fur Coat," "The Blue Anchor," "The Kiss," "The Dream of Eternity," "The Drizzle," "The Drawing in India Ink," "The Wages of Sin," "Communion," "The Clown," "Signy," and "A Masterless Dog." Almost all of these stories are short, little more than sketches, but wonderfully well done. Some are little insights into parts of his life, others probably fictitious tales woven around some incident he has noticed in the life about him, but all together they give one a feeling or atmosphere which must be fairly representative of his, and his country fellows' lives; I feel that all of these stories have been taken either from himself or from his environment, not just from the thin air. They tend to make you feel that you know the author better and the Swedish people better; that there is much in common between you and them, that after all man is man the world over. However, this was not the author's primary purpose in writing; he wrote to amuse, to entertain, to interest, and to delight. He is a true teller of tales. I enjoyed Soder-

berg's stories very much and I esteem his abilities as a writer of short stories.

The next selections are by Sigfrid Siwertz, namely, "The Lady in White" and "Leonard and the Fisherman." Siwertz's selections are longer than those of Soderberg and show a somewhat higher-tuned finer emotional nature in the character of their author, although this should not imply that they are any more interesting or better; they are just of a different type. Both of his selections given here are tales dealing with some romantic intellectual episode of his life. They are well written, well told, and very enjoyable to read.

The selections of Verner VonHeidenstam come next. They are, namely, "The Fortified House," "When the Bells Ring," "The Queen of the Marauders," and "Captured." These are separate chapters taken from his historical novel, "The Charles Men." However, they are completely clear and intelligible by themselves. They are all historical, of the time of Charles the Twelfth, but not in a purely historical sense, but rather they represent the folklore of the common people. They are told from the peasant's point of view and are highly flavored with their customs, thoughts, and opinions. Moreover, they give one a fine insight into the spirit of loyalty and devotion held by these simple sturdy people. They have something about them which puts me to thinking about the "Tales of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table," though I don't know why. They are interesting and delightful.

Last, but not least, we have the selections by Per Hallstrom, "The Falcon," and "Out of the Dark." The first is a delightful study of old medieval Sweden; it is instructive, well told, and well worth reading. The second is laid in a modern Swedish city and is an extremely interesting character study of a delightfully en-

Books

triguing girl of the city, a girl of the darkness.

All of these authors have struck me as being short-story writers of the first water. Although the Swedish short story is comparatively in its infancy, in the hands of such men it is destined to reach the heights. Their works as given here compare favorably with all the short stories I have ever read previously from any source.

* * * * *

FORSYTE 'CHANGE

by John Galsworthy

"On Forsyte 'Change" by John Galsworthy is a series of short stories and incidents rounding out the lives of many of the characters that Mr. Galsworthy introduced us to in "The Forsyte Saga." To one who has read "The Forsyte Saga" and has enjoyed it, this book is particularly good. While you learn to know and love the family in "The Forsyte Saga" as the family prospers and grows, there are several of the characters that you remain rather in awe of, and never get intimate with. James, Hester, Aunt Juely, Swithin, Nicholas, Rodger, June, Young Jolyon, as a boy, and Superior Dosset, are all among these awesome people; that is, they were among them until certain intimacies of their lives were revealed to me in this book of "The Forsyte 'Change"; now that awe has turned to fondness and respect.

The story that I enjoyed the most was that of "Soames and the Flag." When you have watched a man grow from a hard calculating business-man to a loving father and a mellow, lovable old man, as Soames did in "The Forsyte Saga" and the succeeding books, you can not help loving him yourself. Never, I think, did he appear more real to me than he did in this story of the war. One could almost feel his carefully-controlled

anxiety when he read about heavy losses to the allies, or share his relief when the armistice was signed.

The story of Soames and Irene was beautiful, and if you had read "The Forsyte Saga" and knew the sequel, it was rather tragic. This story gave a glimpse of his character that was unknown as one read "The Man of Property." One would never have suspected Soames of wandering beneath a window to be near the girl he loved.

* * * * *

QUIET STREET

by Michael Ossorgin

At last, the Russian novel sans sex. After the Fabliaux of Gogol, and the adolescent tribulations of Gorki, Ossorgin's quiet meditative work is a positive relief. It is comparable to the soothing strains of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schererazade", after the stormy discords of Scriabin or Ravel.

Quiet Street is the abode of Grandfather Ivan Alexandrovitch, the Ornithologist, and his daughter Tanyusha, who, in spite of being beautiful and beloved by two or three characters, is interesting. Sivtzev Vrazhek is a house in which these people live. It is a grand, placid, old house, whose foundations were solid once, and capable of supporting generations of peaceful Russians, bourgeoisie Russians. But invidiously, unknown to its inhabitants, the house's walls and its floors have been gnawed at by countless generations of rats, mice, and vermin. These parasitic denizens begin to make their presence felt with the booming cannonades and the earthy rocheting of the fierce musketry of the World War. Our quiet house is being shaken to its formerly placid foundations by the beginning of a new order, and even as the weeds, nature's weapons, have finally conquered the ancient basilicas and bath houses of glori-

The Lehigh Review

ous Rome, so is the old order destined to have its heels trod upon by the new. And the gods of war are not satiated by shooting off the arms and legs of one of Tanyusha's erstwhile, hopeful lovers, for the gods also set brothers of the same tongue against each other in the blood-letting revolution. For the moment, fond old Moscow is yet the tender birthplace of the occupants of Quiet Street, but the shops are closed and smirk dismally across the desolate marketplaces filled with the dead bodies, the offerants on the altar of Mars.

There is a particularly old rat living as well as it can on the aged walls of Sivtzev Vrazhek. One night the bullying cat, working in the interests of its master, manages to get its claws upon this aged, venerable rat long enough to cut it almost to shreds with its claws. The screams of the aged rat are heard that night by the swarm of younger rats and vermin. And it is not long after that the corpse of this rodent is found stiff, as though still licking its wounds as the angry swarm of hungry (as all revolu-

tionists are) compatriots set upon it. The old rat is dead. The house's walls are doomed to decay. A pianist has his piano, his sole reason for existence, taken from him by the Soviet. Criminals, because they are given away by jealous neighbors, are put into the executioner's zealous care. Innocent bystanders are starved. And Russia is undergoing a change. In the words of the old Ornithologist, we realize the inevitable truth.

"People will come, new people, who will try to do everything in a new way, in their own way. Then, having tried and failed and thought it over, they will realize that nothing new can endure without old foundations, that without these foundations whatever they build must inevitably crumble."

Poor old man, he didn't realize that the foundations of Sivtzev Vrazhek were crumbling.

"Quiet Street" is full of thought. It presents a side of the revolution that we have never seen. Moscow is made alive to the reader.



Pictures in the History of Physical Education

by
Fay C. Bartlett

The primitive boy imitating his father in the hunt.

The young Greek noble being thrilled by the boxing contest of Ulysses and Irus, the beggar.

The Spartan boy learning to obey and endure.

The naked Athenian boy throwing the discus in the palestra.

The victorious runner being awarded the wreath at Olympia.

The Roman father teaching the son the ideals of Roman conquest and statesmanship.

The young squire kneeling to be knighted by his lord.

The reformers of the Renaissance trying to bring back the physical side of education.

John Locke advocating the Spartan training for schoolboys.

A boy being developed and educated according to the new concept in Rousseau's "Emile".

Pestalozzi bringing sympathy and understanding into the education of the unfortunate child.

Jahn teaching outdoor gymnastics and cultivating German patriotism.

The Puritans in New England combating the forest and stream.

The Dutch bowling on the green in early New York.

The British soldiers competing in early Virginia on Muster Day.

Benjamin Franklin writing on the education of youth advocating sports and schools with pleasant surroundings.

Charles Follen teaching German and outdoor gymnastics at Harvard.

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WHAT THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES EXPECT OF THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 43)

culture as you can give him, and to that man we offer more opportunities and greater opportunities than have ever been offered before.

IT WAS ALL MY FAULT

(Continued from Page 27)

of their season, had us licked 13 to 0 at the end of the third quarter. Lanahan took Bill and me out, disgusted with our showing. Subs went in and the team rallied, but it did little good. One touch-down was the best they could do, and the game ended 13 to 6.

"We lost the game for Kansas. It was my fault, but I couldn't play. My faith was shaken. Bill was no longer the idol. I was hurt and couldn't understand why Bill should act the way he had. And that's all there is to the story. That's why Kansas lost."

I looked at Ralph. He was gazing far down the beach. He wouldn't look at me. There was a glistening in his eyes, and his jaws were set hard. It was all his fault.

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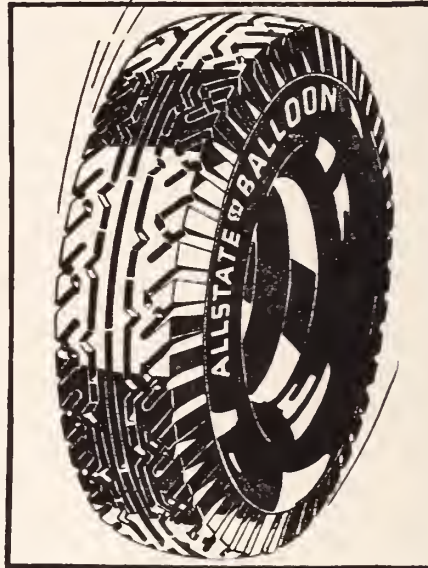
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